

CURRENT OPINION



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LOWERING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT FORT EHRENBREITSTEIN

Final ceremony preparatory to the departure of the American forces from Coblenz on the Rhine.



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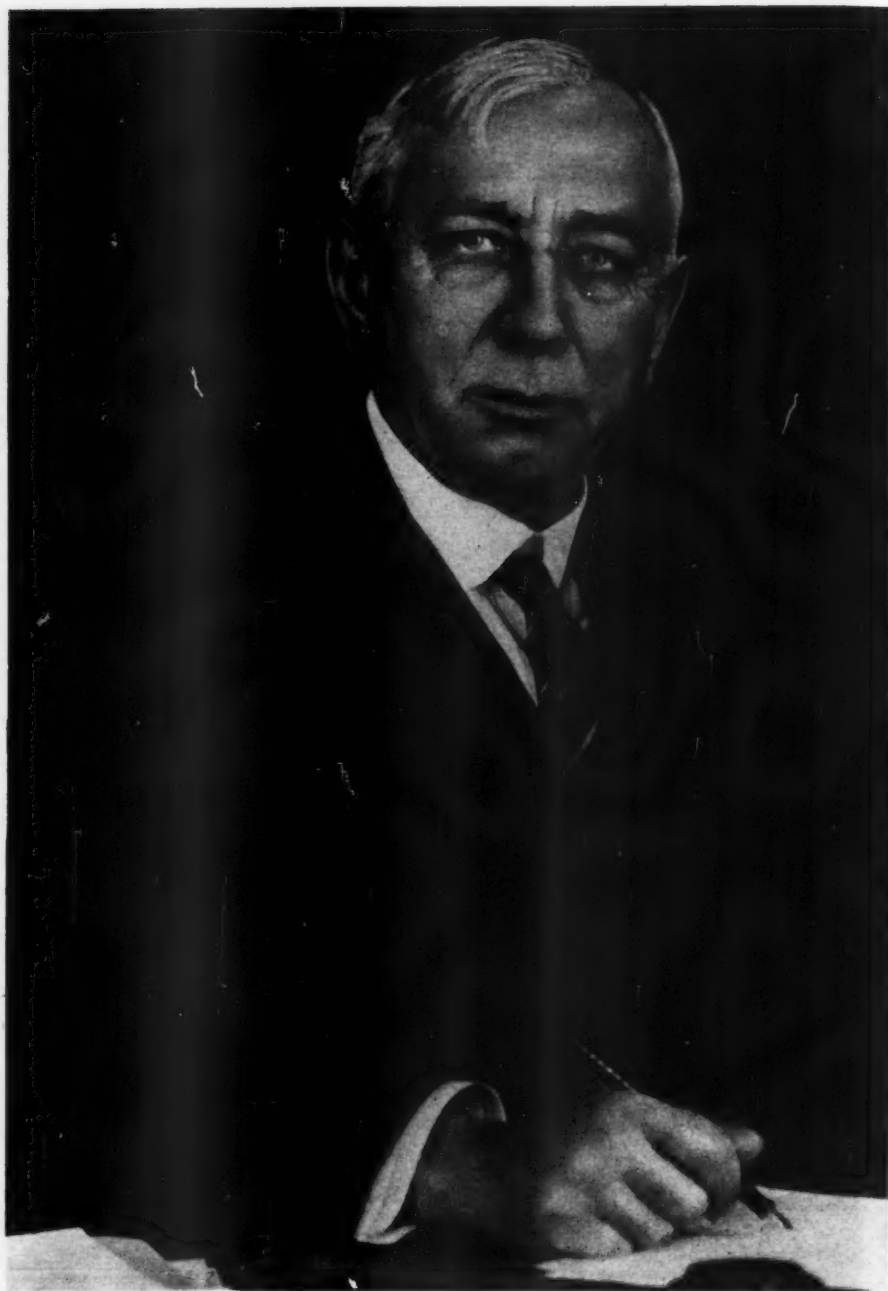
HE SEIZED ESSEN AND THE RUHR WITH AN IRON HAND
General Degoutte, commanding the French army of occupation in the German "coal and iron treasury," has "come to stay until they pay."



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EVEN THE GERMANS REGRET THE DEPARTURE FROM COBLENZ OF MAJ.-GEN. HENRY T. ALLEN AND HIS "BOYS"

Chancellor Cuno sent his compliments to the American commander of "a force whose conduct has been exemplary."



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HE AND PRESIDENT HARDING WERE BOYHOOD CHUMS IN "THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

As a sequel, D. R. Crissinger, banker and lawyer of Marion, Ohio, has been made Governor of the Federal Reserve Board.



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OUR FIRST AMBASSADOR TO CUBA

Major-General Enoch H. Crowder is begrudged \$17,500 a year by Congress although he is "second only to General Wood as an army-trained executive."



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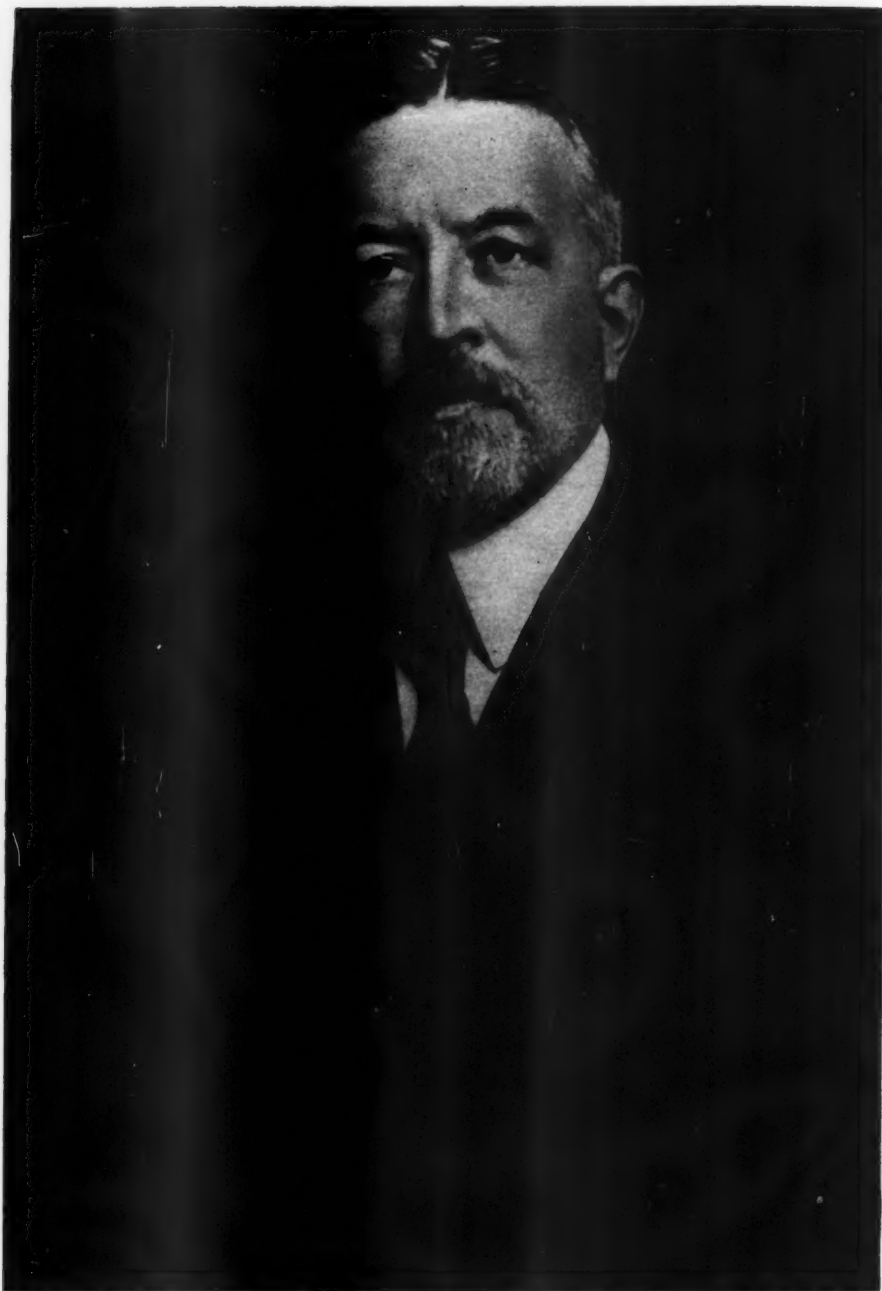
WAS HE INDISCREET IN PROTESTING THE FRENCH OCCUPANCY OF THE RUHR?
Roland W. Boyden, unofficial American observer of the Reparations Commission, is defended by the State Department when assailed by Congress and the American Defense Society.



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ONCE A BUTCHER BOY, NOW THE "BOSS PACKER OF THE WORLD"

F. Edson White started with Armour & Company at \$18 a week and now succeeds J. Ogden Armour as its president.



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A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN IS ELEVATED TO THE U. S. SUPREME COURT BENCH
Edward Terry Sanford's appointment is not regarded as good politics in so far as it gives Tennessee
two Supreme Court Justices.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

Multum in Parvo.

"The parallel between the Ruhr and Mosul," says the New York *World* editorially, "is too striking to be avoided. . . . France is unrelenting towards Germans, chivalry and kindness itself toward the Turks. . . . France looks on a strong Turkey as good for French interests in the Levant and a weak Germany as necessary for French security. Great Britain looks upon a weak Turkey as necessary to the empire and a prosperous Germany as necessary to British trade."

Multum in parvo. The *World* is to be complimented upon this astute, forceful and illuminating editorial.

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Doves of Peace.

Doves of peace were fluttering in Rome and Paris and Washington on February 7th. In Rome the Chamber of Deputies by ballot formally approved the treaties negotiated at Washington by the Naval Disarmament Conference.

Richard Washburn Child, our Ambassador to Italy, called upon Premier Mussolini to exchange congratulations.

On the same day the Foreign Affairs Commission of the French Chamber of Deputies recommended ratification of the Washington Conference agreements. The Paris government, as well as the Commission, was said to be strongly in favor of immediate approval of the treaties which, with the adherence of France, last of the five powers to ratify, become fully effective.

This, again, is subject for congratulation throughout the world.

Meanwhile, in Washington, a treaty of peace, eleven conventions, and three protocols, were signed by the five Central American republics—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica and Nicaragua—concluding the sessions of the Central American Conference which has been sitting in Washington since December 4th,

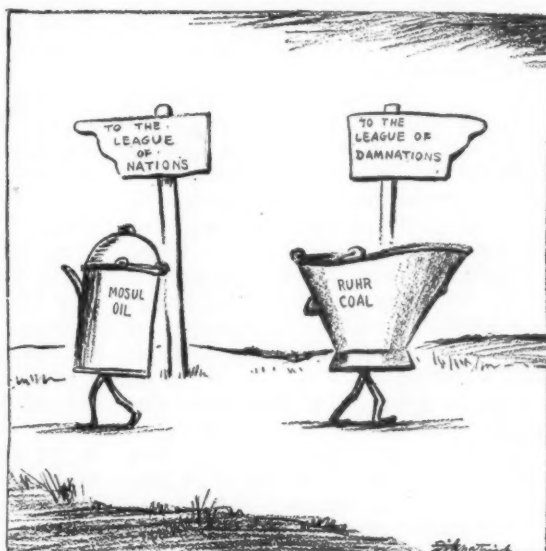
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Property Rights in a Job.

A million or so of workmen, according to William Allen White, hold the idea that they have a sort of property right in their jobs.

And when you consider that they have contributed, many of them, quite as consistently and conscientiously to the up-building of the business as its legal owners, the idea takes on a compelling reasonableness.

What better thing can happen to



—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



HENPECKED!
—Cargill in Kansas City Journal.

a shop, a mine, a railroad, any business, than to have its workmen feel that they have a sort of property right to their jobs? The job owns them. Why shouldn't they feel that they own the job?

So long as the business is a going concern, so long as it is possible to make it pay, the faithful worker has a right to his job. This may seem revolutionary, but the idea seems to be taking hold.

"They consider," says William Allen White, "that the right to strike on the job does not violate their right to the job any more than the business man's discussion of rates of interest and the price of service violate his right to those things at the end of the discussion. These workmen contend that the strike is merely a discussion of wages, and not an abrogation of the right to work."

This is a pretty strong dose for people trained in old-fashioned ideas of property rights, but it has a plausibility which is likely to win many converts among the open-minded in the camp of Capital. The thing is in the air.

The Cost of Government

THE BUDGET is a monthly publication of the National Budget Committee. Sometimes in spite of its statistics, or rather because of them, it is mighty interesting reading.

For instance, it states that the cost of governing the people of the United States is nearly eight and one-half billion dollars.

As we examine these figures and work out a few little calculations, we come to some striking conclusions.

Say there are forty million workers in this country with a gross income of sixty billion dollars a year; that would mean that the burden of government upon each of them is about \$220 annually.

It would mean that every week each of us would have to work approximately one day without pay as the cost of maintaining order.

There are in the United States about two million public servants. That is, as many people work for us every day to keep the government going as the number of all the military forces we sent to the World War. Among those whom we pay to protect us are some 50,000 firemen, 82,000 policemen, 115,000 watchmen and doorkeepers, 107,000 common laborers, 12,000 detectives, 10,000 sheriffs, 56,000 city and county inspectors, 32,000 postmasters, 225,000 sailors and soldiers, 2,300 life-savers, and so on. These are all supposed to be public servants.

The number of workers in the United States, according to the census of 1920, is 41,614,248; that is, about one person in every twenty is on the public payroll. This is more than all the people employed in the railroads. It is more than all workers in coal mines, more than all employed in automobile

plants, or more than all the hired men on all the farms in the United States.

The sum of \$8,460,011,587, which is the exact figure given by *The Budget* for the cost of governing ourselves, makes the imagination dizzy.

If it had to be paid all in gold, it would take about all the gold there is above ground in the world to make one year's payment.

Assuming that the income of the United States is around sixty billions of dollars, which is the nearly correct figure, according to all calculations, the cost of government is about fourteen per cent., or more than one-eighth of it.

At \$220 a year to each worker, the cost of government, on the basis of five persons to the family, it would be about \$400 per family per year.

"Or," says *The Budget*, "figure it still another way. Our forty million workers enjoy an estimated gross income of sixty billion dollars. Of that they contribute about 14 per cent. for the maintenance of the government. . . . Every week every one of us must work approximately one day without pay as our share of government up-keep and our contribution to the cost of government."

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Debts of Honor

ENGLAND was startled the other day to learn that her four billion dollar debt to the United States was "payable at three days' notice, on demand."

Similarly the United States may be startled to learn that former Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo loaned these four billion dollars upon informal bits of paper.



THE HAPPY HOOLIGAN

OPTIMISTIC FRITZ (in the fourth year of trial): "So long as they don't agree, I'm quite agreeable."

—Whitelaw in *John Bull*.

"The British Ambassador acknowledges receipt of \$150,000,000"—so they are said to run, recording deposits made to England's credit from day to day.

In a way these obligations are what gamblers call debts of honor, and do not gamblers always pay their debts to one another? They may dodge bill collectors from the "butcher, the baker and candlestick maker"; they may go through bankruptcy fraudulently to escape overwhelming business losses; but their gambling debts to other gamblers are debts of honor, and are paid, somehow, no matter what happens!

The United States gambled on victory, "staked" Britain against Germany; and perhaps we were more secure, holding nothing but the British Ambassador's un-legal, hasty, I. O. U.'s, than we would have been if the obligations had been elaborated in Elihu Root's best legal verbiage.

Britain was bound to pay. Her honor was committed. Stanley Baldwin might talk peevishly about the pastoral nature of our Congress,

but the British Cabinet promptly ratified our proposals. They didn't argue. They didn't protest. They accepted our terms.

John Balderston, London correspondent of the *New York World*, reminds us that Great Britain gambled on the good faith and integrity of certain of our States in the old days. So long ago, in fact, that the original unpaid principal of \$53,000,000 is now figured with interest at \$900,000,000. These were not Confederate issues but were put out by Southern States before and after the Civil War, to finance railways, public works and banks. The original capital value is apportioned as follows:

Arkansas, for railway guarantees, \$7,830,000; Florida, to establish banks and for railway guarantees, \$6,300,000; Georgia, principally for railway guarantees, \$10,421,000; Louisiana, "baby bonds," railway bonds and claim certificates issued under the 1874 settlement, \$5,400,000; Missouri Planters' Bank bonds of 1831-33 and Union Bank bonds of 1838, \$6,300,000.

North Carolina, special tax bonds and bonds for railway guarantees, \$11,245,000; South Carolina, no figures available, but estimated at \$5,400,000.

If these are just obligations, it is suggested that this would be a good time for State Governments to assume them; or if for any reason the States in question cannot or should not assume them, can not the Federal Government credit them to Britain against her debt to us?

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Wanted in Germany— Another Pasteur

LOUIS PASTEUR, opening, on November 14, 1888, the great institute organized and named in his honor, expressed in the fol-

lowing luminous words the faith which had led him to dedicate his life to the service of humanity:

Two contrary laws stand to-day opposed: one a law of blood and death, which, inventing daily new means of combat, obliges the nations to be ever prepared for battle; the other a law of peace, of labor, of salvation, which strives to deliver man from the scourges which assail him. One looks only for violent conquest; the other for the relief of suffering humanity. The one would sacrifice hundreds of thousand of lives to the ambition of a single individual; the other places a single human life above all victories. The law of which we are the instruments essays even in the midst of carnage to heal the wounds caused by the law of war.

Thus Louis Pasteur, the scientist whose work is now basic to every branch of medicine and surgery and sanitation; the founder of bacteriology, who began his career by saving the silk worms of France from extermination; who learned the terrible germ-secret of communicable disease, discovered a cure for rabies, devised the Pasteurization of milk; and, more than any other, contributed to the lengthening of the average span of human life within half a century from thirty to forty-five years.

Thomas Huxley estimated the value of Pasteur's labors as more than equal to the indemnity France paid after the war of 1870. Coming to full fruition shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, Pasteur's discoveries, in all their branches and by-products, were worth far more to France than the five billion francs she was forced to pay. The work of this one scientist brought back or replaced for France all the tribute exacted by Germany!

Does not this page of history bristle with suggestion for the Germany of 1923?

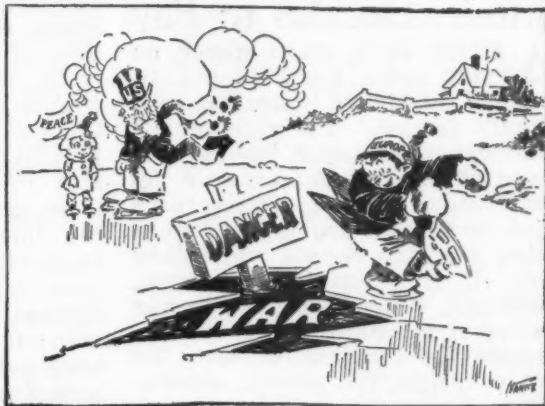
What is wanted by Germany to-day is not suave statesmen, nor tricky financiers, nor fire-breathing warriors to arrange further resistance and bring about further deluges of blood. What is wanted is a new Pasteur "to heal the wounds caused by the law of war," and to come to the "relief of suffering humanity."

What is wanted is another Louis Pasteur to discover a cure for cancer, for example, or a cure for consumption, if you please, to balance the sadly blackened books of the Recording Angel once more in Germany's favor (not to mention balancing the account books of the Reparations Commission).

A world healed of either or both of those twin scourges, cancer and consumption, would be enabled to forget the wounds which German militarism inflicted—nay, would presently "rise up and call her blessed!" Where hatred now boils in a cauldron of thwarted German imperialism and frustrated French hopes of indemnification, peace and tranquillity would reign.

Find a specific for tuberculosis! Find a specific for cancer! Cudgel your brains, oh German men of science! Remember Louis Pasteur, who drove his weeping students away from his death-bed and back to their benches in the laboratory—remember him and work!

Those two remedies would be worth all the gold in South Africa. Either one alone, discovered by a German, and capitalized for Germany (as "Bayer 205," a cure for the sleeping sickness caused by the bite of the tsetse fly, is apparently being capitalized), would suffice to pay all the reparations demanded of Germany; would restore Central Europe to prosperity; and, best of



HE JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM THAT HOLE

—Hanny in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

all, would protect the whole generation of pale, war-starved, rickety children from consumptive anemia and premature death. Stop wailing over Germany's misfortunes! "Il faut travailler," as Pasteur said just before he died.

There is the door to salvation. Can Germany open that door? Can the nation of Helmholtz and Jenner produce a Pasteur? This is the hour of need—of the world's need. German scientists have obeyed the law of blood. They have made themselves the instruments of conquest. They have worshipped in the Temple of Destruction, even officiating at times as high priests. Can they now bow their heads to the "contrary" law which "strives to deliver man" from his scourges?

The proposed cures would be "miracles" no doubt, but in the field of medical discovery this is the age of miracles. Perhaps defeat, degradation and despair will prove to be the instruments of the Almighty, chastening Germany and teaching her to walk humbly and helpfully in the ways of peace. By using her ingenuity in the effort to save others, the late enemy of mankind can save herself, body as well as soul!

The reparations problem is not insoluble—here is a solution!

Britain Decides to Pay

AFTER some sharp speech on both sides, the British Debt to the United States has been politely funded. The plan of the American Commission having been approved almost unanimously by the House of Representatives, there seems to be little doubt, as we go to press, that the Senate will follow suit. It is a financial operation, absolutely without parallel in the history of the world and it will determine the relations between the two countries for several generations. Under these circumstances, it is well that the two sides to the bargain should be clearly understood.

The British view has been that, if asked to pay, they will pay, whatever any other nation does; but they point out that, according to their way of looking at it, the debt was an item in a common effort against Germany, that Britain only borrowed from the United States after the United States had entered the war, that she need not have borrowed anything had she not been lending at the time to the Allies, none of whom are repaying anybody anything, and that the only reason why Britain herself can pay is that she has taxed herself more heavily than any other country.

By the Balfour Letter, therefore, Britain proposed that the debts should be considered, not individually, but as a whole. And she made two alternative proposals. The first was cancellation of debts all round, in which event Britain would surrender also her share of German reparations. If the United States did not agree to this, Britain promised that she would collect from Europe no more of the obligations due to her than would be enough to enable her to discharge her obligations to the United States.

The Balfour Letter failed for two reasons. Cancellation all round did

not commend itself to the United States, which would sacrifice 11 billions of loans and gain nothing directly in return. And secondly, France and Italy decline to pay anything of what they owe either to Britain or to ourselves. The American rejoinder included the argument that, as a result of the war, the United States neither asked nor received either territory or reparations; but that Britain and her Dominions asked and received both, with the destruction of the German navy and other advantages. Britain here pleaded that the mandated territories, held in her name, were either administered completely by financially independent Dominions, like South Africa and Australia, or were, like Palestine and Mesopotamia, an actual charge on her finances. This answer has not been wholly convincing.

Congress, therefore, legislated for a funding of the European debts, at interest of not less than $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. and a period of repayment not longer than 25 years. Except by reference to Congress, no easier terms could be granted by the United States Debt Funding Commission. At the same time, there was a general belief that the way to compromise the matter was by lengthening the period of the loan and by lowering the interest.

It is said that in London, last summer, Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, and Bonar Law, as his probable successor, met Chief Justice Taft and Ambassador Harvey at lunch in Downing Street and were there told that Congress would be likely to agree to a rate of interest on the debt as low as 2 per cent. It was with some figure like this in mind that Stanley Baldwin, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, came to Washington to settle the matter. Whatever was said at the lunch in question, the British government should have known that no Amer-

ican visitors, however distinguished, could speak for Congress. In these days, interest at 2 per cent. amounts to a repudiation of the principal. The terms actually arrived at are:

(1) A retrospective interest on the Loan of $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. instead of 5 per cent.

(2) 3 per cent. interest for ten years.

(3) $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest afterwards.

(4) Repayment by instalments over a period of 62 years.

(5) The privilege of paying both interest and principal in Liberty bonds to be accepted at their face value.

After deducting minor adjustments, the Loan thus starts on its career at 4,600,000,000 dollars.

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The Collapse at Lausanne

THE Conference at Lausanne has broken down—that is the grave news of the Near East. After a desperate battle in diplomacy, lasting for three months, Turkey returns in what may be a short-lived triumph to her chaos. How serious are the issues is revealed by the fact that during the whole of the period Great Britain has been represented by none other than Lord Curzon himself, her Foreign Minister, whose entire energies have been absorbed by this one momentous negotiation. Fully aware of dissensions in Europe and particularly of differences between Great Britain and France, the Turk has played for time, a game in which practice has made him a consummate artist. From day to day, first one point would seem to be decided and then another point; after which suddenly the delicately balanced cards would collapse, and much of the business would have to be begun all over again.



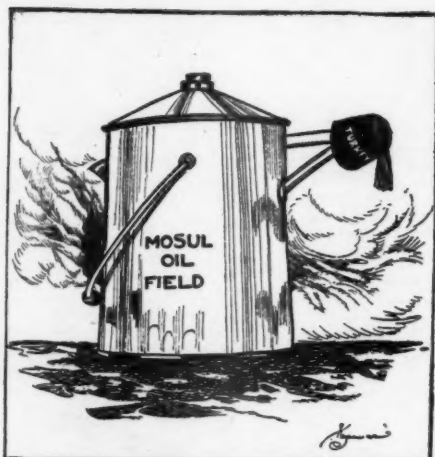
"ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME TO BE A CHRISTIAN!"

—Cargill in Kansas City Journal.

The real issue throughout has been Turkey herself. Is she to be an independent country like Italy or must she still submit to western surveillance?

At the Armistice, Turkey was the sick man of Europe. To-day she is the *enfant terrible* of Asia. She has treaties with Russia, with Afghanistan, with the Ukraine, and with France herself. She knows with what reluctance either Great Britain or the United States will bring to bear upon her the pressure of war. And she thinks that she is making new friends. Her spokesman at Lausanne calmly reviews the past five centuries of so-called "calumny" of the Turk, contending that the massacres of Bosnians and Herzegovinians and Serbians and Bulgarians and Greeks and Armenians, with the accompanying atrocities, were much of a myth.

Over the Dardanelles, it was thought that a settlement had been reached. But during January the Turks made new conditions, to be quickly followed by the old demand of Russia that the Straits be closed.



THE QUESTION IS—SHALL THE FEZ BE REMOVED?

—Thomas in *Detroit News*.

The utmost anger has been aroused among the Kemalists by Ambassador Child's firm insistence on the open door for Turkey and, with it, the right of American warships to enter the Black Sea and there protect the interests of the American trader and missionary. This attitude by Ambassador Child has led to threats by Turkey that she will refuse contracts to American firms.

A final difference has been disclosed over Mosul—the ancient Nineveh of the Bible—now held by the British as part of Mesopotamia.

The British case on Mosul is by no means completely established. It was after the Armistice, and not before, that Mosul was occupied, and it was not by the League of Nations, but by the Supreme Council of the Allies that the mandate over Mosul was awarded. The United States has successfully challenged the view that the resources of Mosul are to be held as the monopoly of any one nation. This being so, many British taxpayers are asking the question why they should provide the money to police Mosul and to make it generally habitable if the oil is

to go to anyone and anybody. This is a point of view which will particularly appeal to the British Labor Party and to the many Liberals and Conservatives in the British Parliament who are opposed to any kind of "adventures" on the part of their country.

As a matter of fact, the immediate importance of Mosul is not due to oil, the value of the deposits being still speculative. What matters to-day at Mosul is the Bagdad Railway, on which route Mosul is an indispensable link.

This brings us to the ultimate question of what exactly would happen if the war with Turkey were renewed. In Britain there is, of course, bitter criticism, expressed even officially, of the tacit support yielded to the Turk by France. The French position in the Near East is not, however, easy. With the Ruhr occupied by her army at home, France is conscious that her Syrian frontier lies exposed to a Turkish army of 126,000 men. She must make and keep peace or she must quit.

With her battleships, Britain holds and is likely to hold Constantinople and the Straits, but in Mesopotamia or Irak, as it is now called, where she has guaranteed the throne of King Feisal, her frontier is almost as exposed as that of the French in Syria. Russia is fiercely anti-British. On the other hand, revolutionary Greece has still an army of 80,000 men, ready to re-occupy Thrace and march on Constantinople.

Thus seethes the steaming cauldron of so-called Middle Asia. It is a cauldron that too often boils over. The one remedy for the trouble is, after all, the American remedy—educate, educate, educate. It is the schools and colleges such as those at Constantinople, at Sivas and Beyrout which only can abate the feuds of centuries.

FRENCH HANDS ON EUROPE'S JUGULAR VEIN

"**W**E want nothing but reparations and security for the future," said M. Poincaré, as he ordered his armies into the Ruhr, a district described by Bonar Law as "the jugular vein of industrial Europe."

A little later the 800,000 tons of coal a month which France had been getting without paying for it had dwindled to 20,000 tons a month, for which France was paying cash!

M. Poincaré came before the Chamber of Deputies to demand an appropriation amounting to \$60,000 a day for the expenses of occupation.

Presently his armies were sent over into South Germany to take the Black Forest, sundry chemical establishments, nitrate factories and rail centers. Then the advance into other Rhine points began.

France can dismember Germany. She has the power. She can set up a Westphalian Republic on the model of Napoleon's Westphalian Kingdom, and erect a French-Rhineland state, and cut off Bavaria from Prussia. Napoleon did all those things and more. And when he had reduced Germany to the last extremity the steam pressure on the boiler reached bursting point, and Napoleon met Waterloo.

It has been said: "Men never learn anything from history except that men have never learned anything from history." Is that to be true of M. Poincaré and the France at whose helm he stands in this fateful hour?

But suppose the French and their leaders are as clear-visioned in this matter as they have been about other matters. Suppose they understand that Germany can only pay in gold, goods or services. Suppose they appreciate that all the gold in

the world would not pay the total they have demanded. Suppose they recall that nobody, France least of all, wants payment in German goods or services, competing French goods and services into bankruptcy. Suppose they realize all these things—what then can France be after in the Ruhr?

"Definite and binding guarantees," comes the answer.

They took the Rhineland as a guarantee. It was set down in the Versailles Treaty as a guarantee. If it was not a guarantee what additional guarantee is afforded by the occupation of more German territory?

Francesco Nitti, one of the war-time premiers of Italy, declares that this new struggle is basically a struggle between French and German ironmasters. There is iron in Lorraine, and coal in the Ruhr, and frontiers separate them. An overwhelming steel trust "horizontally and vertically" could be erected upon the union of these industries.

Four years ago, when the Paris Peace Conference opened, the French military men demanded, according to Ray Stannard Baker's authorized account of "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" (Doubleday-Page), "absolute control by military occupation . . . of Essen and the principal Krupp establishments, the greater part of the Rhenish-Westphalian coalfields, and the metallic industries which depend upon these."

France is now reported to demand as guarantees 60% of the stock in the great German industries. If this is true it is simply one of the ugly realities of world politics.

"We have every reason to believe," writes the editor of the London *Outlook*, "that part of the secret scheme is to make German in-

dustry disgorge, on account of reparations, controlling shares in the great coal and manufacturing concerns of the Ruhr; these are then to be sold at low prices to the Lorraine ironmasters, who will thus secure both the bulk of the iron in Europe and the coal, now separated from each other by frontiers, but, when united, spelling an invincible military weapon in time of war, and, in peace, a European monopoly that can ruin the British iron and steel trade."

But will the mischief stop there? As we Americans say, France may be able to "get away with it," and those who believe in the morality of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth hope she will. But will that be all? Or will she be lured by her very success into attempting other things, and more ambitious things, until disaster overtakes her?

If Premier Poincaré is going to be so complaisant with the ironmasters, are there not other interests in France who will demand their share of booty? The chemical industry, for example, would be strengthened by obtaining control of 60% of the shares of the German chemical industry. The fertilizer industry would know what to do with a controlling influence over the German nitrate factories. The building material magnates could make a profit from a majority of the stock of their German competitors, if only by stopping the business of those competitors.

Already Poincaré has been driven into the Black Forest—a move not contemplated by his original plans, so far as one can tell—and further and further he has sent the sky-blue columns of infantry and cavalry into Baden and Hesse, with orders to seize the books of aniline dye factories, and brick yards, and timber merchants, and nitrate concerns!

Where can a movement of that kind be stopped, short of catastrophe to invader and invaded alike?

No wonder it has been suggested that the Ruhr coal barons baited a trap for France, and coaxed her to put her head into its steel jaws.

What has France to say for herself? What is her strongest position? How can we, who stubbornly refuse to think ill of her, comfort ourselves? Wherein lie the reasons and the justification of her acts?

France "Forestalls" a New War.

FRANCE'S latest defense is summed up in the statement that she is "forestalling" a war of revenge which Germany would have undertaken at the end of the four years' moratorium England proposed.

On February 5th, General Castelnau, one of the heroes of the World War, and now Chairman of the Army Commission in the French Chamber of Deputies, and one of the ruling spirits of the Nationalist party, published an article in *L'Echo de Paris*, declaring that the French seizure of the Ruhr had forestalled a new war.

"If Germany had obtained the moratorium for four years, as proposed; if she had obtained the substitution of a vague committee of guarantees for the Commissions of Control; if she could have taken the payment of reparations out of the hands of the Reparations Commission, Germany would have won great things. At the end of the moratorium—that is, eight years after the armistice—she would have violently placed before us this dilemma: either give up our reparation claim or fight. We would have had to choose between ruin and devastating war.

"The occupation of the Ruhr permits us to avoid this situation, if the Government, as we believe it will, persists in its policy of cold firmness. If, as we have the power to do now, we strike at great German business, that is, at the head of Germany in its source of richness and the domination of the rich,



HOW THE MAP OF GERMANY LOOKS TO THE GERMANS

Areas in mournful black on this German outline map of Germany (for which we are indebted to the New York Times) are marked: "For the time being (*Zur Zeit . . .*) Danish, French, Polish," etc. Later, is the evident intimation, they may be German again, as they were before the war. The following is a key to the numerals: (1) Schleswig-Holstein, now Danish; (2) Eupen-Malmédy, now Belgian; (3) the Saar, now French, though nominally under the League of Nations; (4) Alsace-Lorraine; (5) Upper Silesia; (6) Posen, now Polish; (7) Danzig, a so-called "free" city, under the League of Nations; (8) East Prussia, now Polish; (9) Memel, supposedly under the League of Nations, but now actually occupied by Lithuanians; (10) the Ruhr district. All the German territory west of the Rhine is occupied by France, and may be made into an independent Rhineland State. At the moment the French have established their troops on the right bank of the Rhine along a line from the Swiss frontier, straight north through Baden and Hesse, past the outskirts of Frankfurt, and north to the suburbs of Münster.

she will be disarmed not only militarily but politically.

"Let the Government of Cuno have no illusions. When, after we shall have definitely in hand the economic life of the occupied territory we will not be disposed to give up overnight the fruit of our patient and costly labor. We didn't take a round-trip ticket when we embarked on this enterprise."

Meanwhile France's armies have conducted themselves in the Ruhr with admirable tact and self-restraint. The French *poilu*, on the

whole, must be given credit for behaving like a gentleman.

In both countries patriotic feeling runs high, naturally. As far as France is concerned, she feels ruined and cheated. Germany has evaded payment by stealthy means, and must be taken by the throat and threatened with industrial death before she will accept the inevitable and make restitution. In France it is felt that the armies and the engineers are establishing a receivership over German Big Business. France's case is a good one.

England's Dark Fore-
bodings.

AS might be imagined, the Ruhr invasion is violently opposed in England. In *Public Opinion* for January 19, the British editor says: "The day-by-day advance or stoppages in the Ruhr are a small matter compared to the fact of the further advance by France into Germany. All the best thought of the world is devoted to urging France to retreat from its dangerous position."

A few days before, in the *London Spectator*, J. St. Loe Strachey raised a voice of warning:

"France, poisoned, intoxicated by the sense of wrongs, and with her mind dazed by her fears and the suspicions which come in their train is, in a word, going to commit the extremity of human folly. . . .

"The other nations will come to regard her as men regard one of a group of creditors who forces on isolated and individual action and in the unsuccessful endeavor to secure his share of the debtor's property ruins all chance of the others getting even a small dividend. When men or nations find themselves in such a position the first thing they do is to insist that he who thus unsocially stands on his technical rights and insists on his pound of flesh shall have that but nothing more. . . ."

Meanwhile the editor of the *London Outlook* fulminated as follows:

"M. Poincaré is assured of immortality. To the most remote ages his name will go down as one of the most colossal idiots, or alternatively, greatest knaves, who ever strutted upon the stage of high human destinies. . . . Does M. Poincaré, do his soldiers and the 'wild men' of his Chamber and the interests that are behind him, really expect to 'make Germany pay' by the seizure of the Ruhr? . . . Or are reparations merely the pretext? Do they intend to destroy German industry, induce widespread starvation throughout

the nation by withholding coal and raw materials, and so bring about political chaos, in the hope of removing an industrial competitor from the map, making the recovery of Germany impossible, and breaking away the Rhineland and Bavaria from the Reich? If these are their intentions, then they are criminals who will stand in the pillory for all time with the German, Russian and Austrian war lords who brought about the 1914 catastrophe."

On January 20th, the *New Statesman* declared that "to Englishmen the whole proceeding seems insane; but the French are idealists who love even the cheapest of military victories and who for the sake of France *über alles* will readily condemn all Europe to disaster. The Germans in this issue are in the right and have the opinion of the world behind them. No self-respecting nation could submit to such demands as the French have made. The French army may go to Berlin, but if it gets there before the British Government has made an effective protest, Mr. Bonar Law will go down to history as the most pusillanimous Prime Minister Great Britain has ever had."

The British public is virtually unanimous in its condemnation of France, so much so that Henry W. Nevinnson, of the *London Nation*, can say, in a letter to the *Baltimore Sun*: "I have not heard or read one single word spoken or written in defense of the French advance. . . . Every Englishman knows that action is not only a breach of international law, but a vile example of 'kicking a man while he is down.' All applaud the protest of your government in withdrawing the American contingent on the Rhine."

Two Italian Attitudes.

ITALY has backed France throughout—but not without misgivings. There is no enthusiasm in Italy for the French program. Mussolini him-

self declared to Poincaré as far back as November that the idea of ever getting reparations out of Germany is "a joke." On that same occasion he summed up Italy's foreign policy as a policy of "*quid pro quo*."

"My foreign policy has one principle—'*Rien pour rien*'—when other powers ask me to do something I respond: 'What does Italy get out of it?' You Americans tried an altruistic foreign policy, and I do not comment on the results. We are trying another kind. There is not a bit of altruism in our foreign policy. It is '*rien pour rien*.'"

It is not clear just what Italy is to get out of her support of France, except revenge upon England for charging Italy high prices for coal. But with the stoppage of all coal shipments to Italy from the Ruhr, she, like France, will have to buy more coal than ever from England, and at higher prices than before. Under the circumstances, widespread Italian dissatisfaction is natural.

Mussolini has explained to Rome's Council of Ministers that he gave a very grudging consent to France's invasion of the Ruhr, and only because pressed by Italy's need for Ruhr coal. Italy would have preferred conciliation and moderation. He boasted that he was steadily using his influence to promote the cause of mediation between France and Germany, and declared that he had made strong representations to France that even now, when she had taken the bull by the horns and marched into Germany, she should accept any reasonable offer from Germany.

Meanwhile the section of the public opinion of Italy which disapproves the

French action has found an able spokesman in former Premier Premier Francesco Nitti:

"France lost two great wars, one in 1815 against Prussia and her allies, and the other in 1870 against Prussia and Bavaria. The victors of 1815, though animated by a deep and very justifiable rancor, did not deprive France of any of her territories, but scrupulously respected her frontiers.

"They demanded 750 millions for the troops of occupation, limiting the latter to five years, merely to enable the French monarchy to consolidate itself.

"But when the French king, in the name of his country's dignity, asked for a curtailment of the period of occupation, the victors had no difficulty in granting his request and the occupation lasted two years instead of five.

"In 1870 Germany again defeated France. She demanded an indemnity



NEMESIS

—London Punch.

of five billion francs and Alsace-Lorraine. The terms were unjust, but not actually absurd, and the German occupation was very short.

"In 1919 the Treaty of Versailles deprived Germany of a number of purely German territories, of her finest provinces, her colonies, her mercantile fleet, her most important raw materials, all the property of her private citizens abroad, her commercial organization, all transferable property, etc., and further imposed a long military occupation.

"Both in 1815 and in 1870 the sovereign rights of France were respected; in 1919 Germany lost the most important attributes of a sovereign State, the right of maintaining an army and a fleet, political and commercial freedom and independence.

"Until the indemnity is paid, and it would require centuries, Germany would have to undergo a military occupation and remain under the control of a Commission of Reparations, equivalent to being deprived of every liberty and to be non-existent as a sovereign State."

The only general conclusion that can be drawn from Italy's two attitudes is that Italy intends to profit by France's desperate adventure, if there is to be any profit, and, equally, intends to leap to the other side if it becomes clear that disaster is about to overwhelm France.

Where Does Belgium Stand?

A BRILLIANT light is thrown on Belgium's position in the invasion of the Ruhr by a story which the New York *World's* London correspondent picked up from "a diplomatic source," about the farewell which took place between the Belgian Minister to Berlin and the German Foreign Minister von Rosenberg.

"Whatever our case with France," said von Rosenberg, "we have nothing against you. We understand and regret your position."

Minister Jaspar in a speech to the

Belgian Parliament, shortly after the Ruhr occupation began, said that Belgium's priority in reparation payments would not permit her to stand aside and allow France to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. On the same occasion M. Theunis, the Belgian Minister of Finance, said that Belgian occupation of the Ruhr was a necessary gesture. "Should we allow France to take these measures alone while we need reparations?" he asked.

The Belgian Social Democratic leader and Deputy, M. Emile Vandevelde, openly condemns the Ruhr policy as "absurd, revolting and dangerous," preventing instead of helping reparations.

Obviously Belgium is none too keen over the invasion, yet feels compelled to participate.

Moscow Rejoices.

THE greatest enthusiasm over the invasion of Germany is in Moscow. For in Moscow's eyes it represents the approach of chaos in western Europe and the dawn of world revolution.

According to Walter Duranty, correspondent of the New York *Times*, it was the Russians who first foresaw that France would feel compelled to advance further and further into Germany.

"As Russians," says Duranty, "they would feel compelled to go to the support of Germany, for they cannot allow Poland to become the eastern frontier of France. But as Communists it would go against the grain to assist the East Prussian junkers. Karl Marx fortunately provides an issue from what might be an awkward dilemma. Somewhere in his writings it is laid down that in case of need, revolutionary leaders might, so to speak, join forces with non-revolutionary elements if by so doing it was obvious they could strengthen their own cause.

"So if trouble starts on the east-



THE QUICKSAND OF THE RUHR

—Boardman Robinson in *London Outlook*.

ern frontier of Germany—whether originated by the German junkers or the Poles—the Soviet Government, it is asserted, would unleash the Red Army on Poland with a clear conscience.”

Small wonder that Trotzky says: “M. Poincaré is the greatest revolutionary factor in Europe to-day.”

German Admissions.

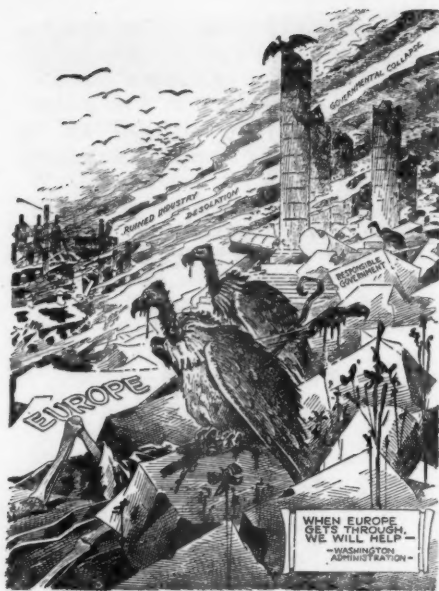
WHEN two Germans as far apart as Maximilian Harden, a radical Jewish editor, and Arnold Rechberg, a wealthy potassium mine owner and former adjutant to General Ludendorff, agree in declaring that the German industrialists can and ultimately will end the war in the Ruhr by surrender to and co-operation with the French, America looks hopefully for a speedy settlement before bloodshed begins.

“Had Germany not listened to England’s siren song,” as Maximilian Harden wrote in January, “she

would have prevented the occupation of the Ruhr and a Franco-German cooperation could have been arranged. But so far only indignant protests have been heard on both sides, although the immense rise in the shares of the Ruhr corporations on the German *bourses* shows how little the German people really believe that the end of all things is approaching.”

“The Ruhr occupation,” said Herr Rechberg to a New York *Herald* correspondent on February 7th, “and the failure of all attempts to reach a reparation settlement are attributable directly to German industry, and the ultimate settlement certainly will be brought about by cooperation between German and French industry, after which the political parties will be obliged to swing into line. . . . Participation by French and German industry is looked at from the wrong angle.”

He concluded:



AFTER THE VULTURES HAVE FED, AMERICA
WILL HELP

—Stinson in Dayton News.

"The Germans, knowing that French industry was unable to predominate in any alliance, refused the plan offered without reckoning on the French army. A participation plan was first broached in 1917, but before it matured Bethmann-Hollweg had been overthrown by the German industrialists. Again, during the Upper Silesian troubles, the French proposed not a control, but a 20 per cent. interest, with a guaranty that Silesia would be left under German sovereignty. Again the plan was turned down. Silesia was lost, and the French bought large interests there just the same. The recent proposal of the French to enter the Ruhr industries did not mean control.

"Ex-Premier Briand was the first to propose a participation settlement, and when the Germans again refused the offers of the French industrialists Poincaré was forced by them to do the next thing—send in an army. Therefore the situation resolves itself into a mathematical certainty. The French and German industrialists are each moving

in straight lines, which are bound to intersect at geometrical points, which means a settlement between themselves. As the industrialists control the political machinery in each country, this will mean a settlement of the entire reparation problem."

The American Attitude.

IN America to date there can be no question that the immense, preponderating opinion is against the French action.

The apologists for France are many, while the defenders of France are few. There is great affection for France in America, and the greatest possible reluctance to think anything but good of our sister Republic. We are convinced, in spite of ourselves, that they are grievously in the wrong, and this is abundantly made clear to anyone who will take the trouble to read the editorial pages of the country and the published speeches and addresses of our prominent citizens.

When France and Germany are ready for mediation, President Harding has announced that he is ready to mediate, and the economic conference which has been proposed by Senator Borah and seconded by Judge Gary and many others will come to pass. But first France and Germany must agree to accept mediation and the judgment of the impartial third party, the United States. We shall help when the time comes, but the time has not yet come.

While we are waiting we can only hope that France will not feel forced to create world hostility to herself by starving Germany, or by other stern, repressive measures; and that the struggle will not be prolonged until feeling on both sides reaches such a pitch that a new world war will become inevitable. Already Poincaré has "too much support" from a public which asks the declaration of a "state of war."

Listening In

"It does not do much good to attempt to prove that the French position will not be helped by going into Germany. They will have to prove this for themselves."—*Dwight G. Morrow, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co.*

"The vanquished will carry away from the World War an intolerable exasperation, and even the conquerors will soon be pervaded by deep disappointment and wrath when they realize the fact—as they will—that their efforts, sufferings, and triumphs will have yielded them no palpable benefits whatever and will not have rendered easier and more prosperous their existence and that of their families; on the contrary, will have made it more toilsome, hard and gloomy."—*Max Nordau, famous Jewish philosopher and psychologist, lately deceased.*

"Mussolini does not flirt with capital, with labor, or with women. He intends to protect capital, inasmuch as it is the foundation of prosperity, and he will firmly protect labor as the fundamental organ of industry and creator of capital."—*Prince Gelasio Caetani, Italian Ambassador to the United States.*

"The French have both feet in the Ruhr Basin, and the basin is full of hot water and mustard."—*H. I. Phillips, columnist.*

"World-wide use of motor-cars will help to end war. In Mexico villages fight one another. If we could give every man in those villages an automobile, let him travel from his home town to the other town, and permit him to find out that his neighbors, at heart, were his friends, rather than his enemies, Mexico would be pacified for all time."—*Henry Ford, Detroit automobile manufacturer.*

"'Whom the gods love, die young,' does not mean that they die when they are young, but that they are young when they die, and I could not ask anything finer from a generous Creator."—*Edward Simons, in "From Seven to Seventy," an autobiography.*

"The worst thing you can do with a notion with which you do not agree is to try to suppress it by force. That only

drives it underground and makes it dangerous. If a doctrine is sound it ought to be heard freely, so that it can be spread and approved. If it is unsound it ought to be heard so that it can be refuted and discredited."—*A. G. Gardiner, famous English journalist.*

"The trouble with the intellectual aristocrat and with the democratic intellectual is that both are alike too intellectualistic. Intelligence is not the only thing to consider. There are the special aptitudes for music, art, mechanics, and many others. There are the physical excellences, health and strength. There are temperamental excellences, as cheerfulness and steadiness. A man may have rather low intelligence, and be a man for all that."—*Robert S. Woodworth, Professor of Psychology, Columbia University.*

"If we are willing to pay the price, maybe we can get back our isolation. But let me tell you the price. It would be the reversion of 30% of our wheat fields and 20% of our corn fields back to the native prairie land; 50% of the cotton fields of the South would go back to the original forest; we would close up a lot of copper mines; and we would have to completely revolutionize our industry and commerce if we would regain that isolation which we long ago lost. Are we willing to pay the price?"—*Former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.*

"Our Legislatures, both State and National, and our various administrative boards and bureaus are largely made up of those whom Thomas Jefferson wittily described as demi-lawyers. Their ruling passion is a statute or an administrative order. Their constant appeal is to force, to what has come to be known as the police power of the State, and they exercise it with a ruthlessness and a ferocity from which kings and emperors have been accustomed to draw back."—*Pres. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia University.*

"A black cloud hangs over the whole of Europe, and, unless England, strongest of that group, calls some of her neighbors to their senses, the Dark Ages will come back to last, no one knows how long. Men will not starve, worry, and endure

oppression indefinitely without hideous violence."—*Arthur Brisbane, newspaper editor.*

"The invasion of the Ruhr by France is, in my judgment, essential, both to bring France to a realization that only a reasonable reparation can be collected, and to bring Germany to the knowledge that it cannot avoid its payment."—*Charles G. Dawes, Director of the Federal Budget System.*

"I am not a pessimist, and I refuse to believe that our civilization is already foundering. And did I believe it I would discourage such somber predictions, for the law of suggestion is immutable, and to disseminate them is to facilitate their realization."—*Emile Coué, exponent of autosuggestion.*

"Mr. Asquith has quietly surrendered his leadership in the House of Commons, and his active career seems to be over. His defeat was due entirely to a fool wife. The fact that the English thoroughly dislike Margot Asquith causes me to feel more friendly toward them."—*Ed. Howe, Kansas journalist and philosopher.*

"Is our conscience as a nation entirely at ease? Have we, in fact, done everything that we were morally obligated to do? Have we not allowed partisan political controversies to drive us as a people into a position with reference to the rest of the world which is fundamentally contrary to the sentiments and traditions of our country?"—*A. C. Bedford, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.*

"Anyone could have told Poincaré that he would not get reparations now in cash or in kind as a result of his policy. He could have gotten far more by other means. The most ominous feature of the whole situation is that German opinion, of all classes, is solidly behind the Government."—*David Lloyd George, ex-Premier of England.*

"Hundreds of women in these days of good grooming and good health are beauties at forty as they never were at eighteen."—*Kathleen Norris, novelist.*

"The outside world, which is now apparently viewing our struggle in the Ruhr as if it were some exhilarating sporting event, will probably discover—too late—that its own fate, too, has been at stake."—*Friederich Stampfer, editor-in-chief of "Vorwärts."*

"As for us, what do we want? Two things only—to receive reparations for our ruins and not to be attacked again. Neither in the Ruhr nor on the Rhine do we seek anything more, but that which we seek we intend to obtain."—*Premier Poincaré of France.*

"The statesmen seem to have lost all sense of proportion. They appear to be prepared to sacrifice even the world's future to their own ideas of security and reparations. Why, the men are mad!"—*Jan Christian Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa.*

"Any fool can make war. It is the business of statesmen to end it."—*Marquis Curzon, British representative at Lausanne.*

"**W**ITHIN a few days I shall issue a formal call for a parley or a conference, or a pink tea or whatever seems to be necessary to settle things once for all. Efficiency and brains will see us through. As members of the American delegation I shall appoint the following: Henry Ford, William J. Bryan, Billy Sunday, Houdini, Will Rogers, Pussyfoot Johnson, and Jack Dempsey.

"I consider this one of the best commissions ever appointed. Mr. Ford will of course look after the heavy financial matters. Mr. Bryan will do the heavy speaking. Will Rogers will do the after-dinner speaking. Billy Sunday will make the foreign delegates hit the sawdust trail to salvation. Pussyfoot Johnson will put them right as regards their personal habits. Dempsey will do what knocking down and dragging out is called for, and Houdini will do the necessary getting out of tight places.

"Foreign nations may send anybody they like. I feel that our American delegation will be able to out-talk, out-fight, out-wiggle, out-guess, and out-preach any gang they may pick out."—*Roy K. Moulton, columnist.*

CRISSINGER, A GRADUATE OF THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

WHEN Daniel Richard Crissinger the other day was appointed to succeed W. P. G. Harding as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the worst thing his Republican critics could find to say in defamation of his character was that this appointee and fellow (Marion, Ohio) townsman of President Harding was a Democrat. Otherwise his qualifications have not been questioned. It is, however, a question whether Crissinger would be presiding at the Reserve Board to-day had he not as a youngster played casino, post office and billiards, if not marbles, with the present President of the United States.

Also, we read, in the *New York Times*, Governor Crissinger might to-day be a farmer or a manual laborer if he had not monkeyed with the buzz-saw in his farmer-father's sawmill and permanently crippled one of his hands. It proved to be a blessing in disguise. His father, John, recognizing that his son would be handicapped in the field of hard labor, decided to educate him for brainwork. Two hands are not necessary to accept a lawyer's fee, so a law course was selected for Crissinger junior.

He was sent to what is now the University of Akron, where he was somewhat tardily graduated at the age of twenty-five, in 1885. His father, having quit farming and gone to saw-milling, became engaged in the lumber business in Marion and there the son read law under Judge William Z. Davis, preparatory to entering the law school of Cincinnati University, from which he graduated in 1886, having taken the two-year course in one year.

Equipped with a self-starter and a six-cylinder drive, he returned to Marion, formed a law partnership with Judge Davis, his former preceptor, and then began to build a home. His father gave him the land and lumber, he and

his sweetheart drew the plans, which were not very extensive, and young Crissinger built the house. About the time it was ready for occupancy, his fellow citizens elected him prosecuting attorney at a salary of \$420 a year. With a home of his own, \$40 in his pocket and \$35 a month income, he got married.

His duties as prosecuting attorney were dual. He prosecuted criminal cases and was the county attorney in all civil suits. Soon afterward he also was elected city solicitor. These three jobs should have kept him busy, but he succeeded in building up a very respectable private practice as well. The real turning point came when he was made attorney for the Marion Shovel Company, the largest enterprise in Marion.

This new prestige brought him other clients. Other industries thought that if he was a good enough lawyer to represent the Shovel Company he must be good enough for them. His business grew until he represented every big business interest in Marion, and also was counsel for the Erie Railroad. Gradually, he became a stockholder and director in most of these enterprises. He filled such a position with the telephone company, which, Mr. Crissinger enthusiastically says, was the best system in America. He also was vice-president of the Stock Yards Company, and organized the City National Bank of Marion, of which he later became president.

Having a bit of leisure time and a leaning toward politics, he sought and won the office of prosecuting attorney on the Democratic ticket in 1888. He was elected city solicitor on the Democratic ticket in 1893. He also ran for Congress in 1904 and again in 1906 on the Democratic ticket. After these two defeats he decided that law was more profitable than politics and has since stuck to that decision. But he enthu-

siastically supported Warren Gamaliel Harding when he was a candidate for the Presidency.

The two were closely associated during their formative years. Soon after Crissinger returned to Marion to enter into the practice of law Harding came there to study the same profession. Harding read law for one year, then decided that it was too dull, or perhaps that the newspaper business was more interesting, so he transferred his affection from law to journalism.

The friendship which, we are told, had begun in "a little red schoolhouse in Tully Township" which they had attended as boys, was renewed in the county metropolis. Marion was of a size to foster enduring friendships. They became members of the same social societies, played games together and were interested in the same civic improvements.

As they grew in influence and financial independence they became fellow directors in most of the industries of Marion. In short, they have grown up to ripe maturity together. When Senator Harding came to Washington to be President he brought Banker Crissinger along as Controller of the Currency. The only reason that he did not get a Cabinet position in the beginning was

that the people of the United States were less well acquainted with him than the President, it is said.

Aside from his Democratic principles, as observed, no question has been raised as to D. R. Crissinger being qualified to govern the Federal Reserve Board. His levelheadedness is not gainsaid. He has a natural, shrewd intelligence as a foundation and, built on this, a well-educated, trained mind. His banking experience has been limited to such as he would acquire as president of a small city bank. Some have expressed the opinion that this would militate against his success as governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Ex-Governor W. P. G. Harding was president of a bank in Birmingham, Ala., then a city of not more than 100,000 persons. Crissinger's business experience has been much more diversified. It has taken him far afield. He knows by direct dealing business conditions throughout the United States. Marion shovels are almost as universally used as cotton gins and harvester machines.

The farm bloc in the Senate has been insistent on having a dirt farmer as the head of the Reserve Board. D. R. Crissinger will be the next thing to it because of his interests, his sympathies and early training.

"KING" THYSEN OF GERMANY

SHORT, heavy-set, thick-necked and round-headed, August Thyssen, the coal king on the Ruhr, who has defied the French, dwells, virtually alone, in Schloss Landberg, near Mülheim. He is one of those multi-millionaires who, like the Medici of Florence, make history. *Rast ich so rost ich* is his motto—which being translated means, "If I rest, I rust," and it is in harness that he wishes to die. He is now over eighty years old, yet he wears out three secretaries a day. In some ways he resembles John D. Rockefeller. Both men are deeply religious—the one as a Baptist, the other as a Roman Catholic. Both are curiously demo-

cratic, even Quakerlike, in their simplicity of taste. Thyssen has been decorated by the Pope, but when the Kaiser wanted to ennoble him, his language was more forcible than polite. Like Rockefeller, Thyssen is careful of small economies. His slouch hat and twenty-dollar suit are features of the landscape. So is his automobile of a model dated 1909, which he refuses to surrender to anything more comfortable and ornate. Also like Rockefeller, Thyssen cherishes his first account book, kept in his own handwriting, one item in which is characteristic—"tips, 0.00." Thyssen will thus pay everything that is due, but not a gratuity.



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HE AND HUGO STINNES GOVERN GERMANY INDUSTRIALLY

August Thyssen, who is "a Carnegie, Rockefeller and Ford rolled into one," has for a motto, "If I rest, I rust."

ity. In art, he is genuinely interested. Years before the world recognized Rodin's genius, Thyssen had given the sculptor a stipend of 100,000 marks for a proportion of his "output." It was an excellent investment.

"King" Thyssen began business with a capital of 6,000 dollars and with a staff of 60 workmen. The Deutschen Kaiser Works at Hamborn now employ 26,000 men and that enterprise is only one of many. From his first little shack of an office at Mülheim, there has emerged Thyssen's dream of an orderly combine of steel, coal and pig iron, with the middlemen cut out and all waste eliminated. He would have this business on a world-wide scale and in 1911 chatted over the idea with Judge Gary. Industrially, he is thus a pure internationalist who owns or owned

docks and harbors in India, the British Dominions and even on the coast of France and ran iron works at Montigny and Mézières. On the eve of the war his Vulcan Shipbuilding Company sought a harbor even in Holland. But that savored of annexation.

Still, country and nationality made no difference to this man whose one idea has been to deliver the goods. Even to-day his chief complaint of the French in the Saar Valley has not been so much that they are French as that, in his opinion, they lack method. Where the Germans made a profit out of coal and iron, the French have to declare a loss. If, then, Thyssen grabbed things—as certainly he did—it was to organize them. That was why he secured a harbor in Brazil, for instance, or in Stettin or in Hamburg. That was why, before the war, he urged the appointment of a British shipowner as ambassador in Berlin and of a German ironmaster as ambassador in London. He would win by trade not by arms.

So in his dingy office he labors. His directors have grown up with him in the business. He is a kind of Carnegie, Rockefeller and Ford rolled into one. And when war broke out he could turn to cannon and beat Krupps in their own field. With peace, he could as rapidly turn his plant to electrical machinery and beat the electrical trusts. And he is content that his men should only work eight hours a day.

For the Kaiser he entertains the profoundest contempt and always has done so. His sons were taken into the Imperial Guard because, being rich, it was held that they ought to be fashionable, to which notion Thyssen reluctantly submitted. From his wife he had a divorce. And a bitter lawsuit

followed. His second son, August, Jr., knowing that he was secure of a fortune, settled his hotel bills in Berlin with notes which circulated as money. For ten years the battle raged in the courts. It was estimated that legal fees reached the equivalent of 2,750,000 dollars. And in the end the father paid about one-fifth of his wealth to clear up his son's debts. That wealth was reckoned to be, in October, 1920, about six billion marks. Before the war the Thyssen property of all kinds was supposed to range in value from 25 to 50 million dollars. There was coal, there was iron and steel, and rock salt and potash and ships and railways. In one week he cleared fifteen million dollars by a lucky deal in bituminous. What he was and is really worth, who shall precisely estimate? In Germany he has stood second only to Stinnes.

Like Ballin—the shipowner who committed suicide at the Armistice—Thyssen was much too shrewd ever to want war. What was it that war could ever give him that was not already his by peace? Somehow, he was persuaded to assent to the gamble. A strange pamphlet has appeared, attributed to his authorship, whereby it is alleged that, in the name of the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg promised him 30,000 acres in Australia and a loan from the Deutsche Bank of forty-six million marks as capital to develop them, with facilities in India; desirable residences in England; and concessions in Canada to be exploited by 12 great German companies, with a capital of twenty million pounds sterling, half to be found by the gov-

ernment. Thyssen repudiated this pamphlet which seems to have originated with some discontented relative. Anyway, he has not received any of these spoils. On the contrary, in 1916 he was one of the 75 business men who were called upon to guarantee a loan of 25,200,000,000 marks to the government and was warned that he would lose his contracts if he refused. It is, perhaps, not uninteresting to observe, at this time that, in May, 1918, Thyssen demanded, as the price of a German victory, the town of Nancy and the basin of Longwy and Briey, with sufficient territory to place the iron works and coal mines therein outside the range of French guns! By that time, at any rate, Thyssen had acquired the buccaneering spirit.

With Germany's defeat, Thyssen was arrested by the Communists and accused of high treason. He was sent to Münster, en route for Berlin, but he escaped to Switzerland until the storm blew over. He is now back again, his old unalterable self, paternal to his workers, defiant to the French and as resolute as Henry Ford himself to be independent of the stock exchanges. He finances his businesses by bonds which he can pay off and, as far as possible, by no other method, reinvesting his profits and thus retaining control.

One conclusion can be drawn from his career and it is this: Give Europe a chance and she can develop industrially just as rapidly as America. It is only the quarrels of Europe that hold Europe back.

IN PACKINGTOWN HE BOWS TO ROOSEVELT, LINCOLN AND E. W. BOK

THE success of F. Edson White in rising from the estate of a butcher boy in Peoria, Illinois, to the presidency of Armour and Company, world-famous packers, may be awe-inspiring to those on the lower rungs of the ladder, but to F. Edson

White himself it is only the result of "little things done well." Unlike many men who are successful only in the eyes of the world, this premier merchant looks upon his business life as a success because he early discovered that he liked the packing business, stuck to it

without much effort, grew up in it and in doing so found a corporation that would give him plenty of room for expansion.

It was thirty-odd years ago, when he was considering his prospects with a small packing firm in San Francisco, that White awakened to the fact that he could be its head and shoulders and yet be no colossus in the business world. Although he was scarcely of voting age and was receiving the then good salary of \$250 a month he elected himself to a job in Chicago at \$18 a week, to count numbers on box cars in the Union Stock Yards and later on, incidentally, to succeed J. Ogden Armour.

Ambitious he was, as are most red-blooded American boys, but it cannot be read into his biography that he was impatient or slovenly at doing what came to hand. He was a lad of the Horatio Alger pattern. His father was a butcher, or rather slaughter-house proprietor, in Peoria at the time when P. D. Armour and his associates began shipping beef out of Chicago. The appearance of refrigerator cars on the sidetracks at Peoria meant the end of the butchering business for the senior White, and the son decided he had to make a move and be quick about it if he was to remain in his chosen business. He was then seventeen, a handy lad with cows, and he found a vacation job in the retail department of a small packing concern in Peoria. In his spare hours he set about to study the conduct of another department, the wholesale, and presently was made city salesman.

In no great while his ability as a salesman began to attract more than local attention and before he was able to cast a ballot he was sent to California to handle the beef business of the Western Meat Company, a Swift-Morris interest. For two years, we read, in the *Christian Science Monitor*, he conducted the biggest beef business on the Pacific coast.

His salary, as noted, was big for a lad of twenty odd, but he figured it out that the future of the industry did not lie on the Pacific coast and that the ad-

vice of Horace Greeley needed to be reversed in his case. More money was offered him to stay. In fact, "Gustave Swift wired asking whether it was a matter of salary that made me want to quit, adding that it was for me to state what I wanted." But the "race" for his services was not for the Swift but for the Armour interests to win; and following a visit to Packingtown, in which, then as now, the heart of Chicago beats, a brief interview with P. D. Armour 2nd resulted in his employment as a "prospect."

Before long he ceased to be a prospect and began to be an asset by organizing the dressed-sheep department, which amounted to little or nothing at the time but which he developed to a capacity of 35,000 sheep a week.

Reviewing this stage of his career, the present head of an organization, which boasts 60,000 on its payroll and then had 12,000, found it hard to explain how he rose above them. "Nothing that I did seems even now to have shown any wonderful acumen. I can account for the beginning of my gradual climb up the ladder only by the fact that I did whatever seemed to me the wisest immediate thing to do, and did it with all my enthusiasm, energy and ability." Referring to that dressed-sheep department, it simply occurred to him that in its rapidly expanding business the Armour company should have a larger and better sheep department. "I did not take any great credit to myself for this. It seemed strange it had never occurred to anyone else before. But I happened to be the Columbus who stood the egg on end. . . . I graduated in the course of time into the office of Arthur Meeker as assistant to the vice-president. Then I became a director of the company, then vice-president and now here I am president. That's about all there is to it. Just one perfectly logical step after another until I reached the top."

Thus reviewing his rise, to a New York Times biographer, the very "human" head of what Upton Sinclair and other of its vilifiers have regarded as

an "inhuman" industry, was bent over his table, diffidently drawing pencil lines on a pad. Now he straightened up, his face lighted, he looked his caller in the eye and grew vigorous. He had struck the theme of what had carried him through his work days to the direction of one of America's greatest businesses. It was "courage and confidence."

"You have got to have the intent," he said, with warmth, and he is described as a man who can warm and warm others. "If I had not had courage and confidence in my daily work these last twenty-seven years I could not face to-day taking up the management of this billion-dollar business."

Mr. White's almost snowy hair is prematurely, if not deceptively, reminiscent of his name, for his long, fine locks set off fine-cut features which plainly denote J. Ogden Armour's successor to be at his prime.

While not touching on the past in the packing industry, which has been largely sequestered in Chicago in the hands of the families of its founders, Mr. White made it plain that he intends to bring Armour & Co. into closer relations with the public.

"A great corporation has to be of, by and with the people," he is quoted as saying. "It cannot be a merely private business. You cannot run a corporation to-day as corporations were run a generation ago. This business touches every breakfast table in the country and I intend to nationalize it."

Loyalty, it is his belief, begets loyalty. When, the other day, he gathered the Armour employees together and addressed them for the first time as president, he said: "I ask you to give me only what I expect to give Armour and Company—loyalty and the best that is in me every day."

The men who have most influenced his life Edson White declares to be Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. "These two great Americans have been wells of inspiration to me—Lincoln because of his simplicity, his forthright honesty, his manliness, his early struggles, his ability to win people to him and his high ideals that guided him, always like a fixed star. Roosevelt because of the masterful courage he displayed whenever the test came, whether while facing lions in Africa, charging at the head of his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill or addressing a hostile Congress."

This sudden riser from the ranks of industry professes to be less a student of books than of men and such animals as are necessary to the packing business. But he regards "The Americanization of Edward Bok" as the most inspirational book of recent years. He has never thrilled to any book as, he says, he did to this story of a poor immigrant boy who, by his own resources, reached the pinnacle of success. But "the book that has had the great influence in shaping my own life and destiny is the Bible."

KATO, THE LORD NELSON OF JAPAN

WHEN the true story of this troubled time comes to be written, there is one name that will shine out in letters of gold and that name is Tomosaburo Kato, Prime Minister, Baron and Admiral of Japan. Among idealists—Tolstoy, Gandhi and the like—he certainly takes his place, with this added distinction, that his idealism has been effective. While the older Christendom, apostate to its ethics, is rent with hatred and worn

out with war, this Japanese officer and statesman, who is ranked by our missions as a heathen, who was trained in a navy to blood and iron, and has only accepted the code of duty known as *bushido*, emerges perhaps the one clear and uncompromising exponent in high politics of what is meant by the Sermon on the Mount.

At the Washington Conference Admiral Kato was a conspicuous yet modest figure—a frail seaman, slight and

spare of build, with hands delicate and nerveless, as if all the energies of life were withdrawn from the body and concentrated in the brain. Known as the Nelson of the Japanese navy, to the western observer he seemed inscrutable. But it is also true that, to the eastern observer, our faces are not less inscrutable; and Kato was manifestly observant. Nothing escaped his quiet eye, so dark, so piercing and yet so completely at ease.

Consider exactly what it is he has had to face. He was the real victor over the Russian Fleet at the Battle of Shushima. He was the commander against Germany at Shantung. He was as much the maker of Japan's latest navy as Tirpitz was maker of the German navy, and Fisher, the maker of the British navy. To his finger tips, he is, moreover, an aristocrat, bred to his very bone in the pride of Japan. And even to-day he is skeptical of a broad franchise and in that respect held to be a Conservative. Also, he has no one except peers as ministers in his Cabinet.

Belonging thus to the hereditary rulers of Japan, he naturally shared their dreams of an Asiatic Empire, military, naval, commercial, political, ever expanding from Korea to Manchuria, from island to island in the Pacific, and from Shantung into the chaos that we call China. The expansion would be stealthy and diplomatic, but none the less resolute.

This, then, was the man, who as an Elder Statesman and as Japanese delegate at Washington, was asked by the United States to put all his achievements, including the navy and Shantung, into the melting pot of an international conference and to adopt for his country a creed so liberal that it is accepted by

few statesmen in Europe herself. And hardly had Secretary Hughes made his proposals, when an event in Japan cut off Kato, as it were, from his base. Prime Minister Hara of Japan, a Liberal and a believer in conciliation, was assassinated at the very crisis of her fate and Japan was left without a government. Takahashi, who succeeded Hara, was merely a makeshift.

Japan was seething with suspicion. Much of the press and all of the militarists were fiercely anti-American. When Prince Tokugawa, the President of the House of Peers and Admiral Kato's colleague at Washington, returned to Japan, there were hostile demonstrations. Kato himself, on



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AN ENLIGHTENED ORIENTAL FRIEND OF THE
UNITED STATES

Baron Kato, Prime Minister and Admiral of Japan, a first-class fighting man who advocates armament reductions.

coming home, was placed under special protection of the police.

He belonged to no party. He had become simply the spokesman of the fair deal instead of force in foreign policy. And on that understanding, despite the clamor, the best minds in Japan made him Prime Minister, in which high office he has behaved as surprisingly as if Bismarck and Moltke had proposed to limit German armaments and throw their country heart and soul into a League of Nations.

Look what his will has achieved. Shantung has been evacuated, and although on the departure of the Japanese, Chinese brigands there at once resumed their normal activities, the evacuation holds good. Siberia has also been evacuated and is again absorbed into Russia. With no American fleet in the Far East to threaten her, Japan has thus kept her promises in Asia to the letter. Yet, for her imperialists, these promises were as unpleasant as would be an undertaking forced on the United States by other Powers that, here and now, she should leave the Philippines.

It may be argued that in Asia, Kato was guided solely by enlightened self-interest. Whatever civil wars were proceeding in China, one thing was quite certain—that all the Chinese, at any rate in the South, would boycott Japanese trade as long as Japan remained in Shantung. Also, as a naval officer, Kato did not belong to the military clans and was thus doubtful of the Siberian adventure, which was a purely military affair, costing a colossal sum of money and certain to get Japan into trouble with Russia whenever Russia should recover her national influence. But, at least, we may say that Kato's self-interest *was* enlightened, nor was it limited to his dealings with Asia. He had every chance of wriggling out of his pledges to reduce the Japanese navy. Those pledges

were incorporated in a treaty, signed by five Powers. Until the five Powers ratify the treaty, it does not become binding on any one of them. Two of the Powers, France and Italy, have not ratified and it would be open to Japan, therefore, to renounce her bargain. With the Japanese workers in the dockyards protesting against the loss of their jobs, and with the armament firms on his back, there were influences brought to bear on Kato which would have led a weaker man to abandon the principles of the treaty. He has neither flinched nor faltered. Not only has he reduced the Japanese army as much as he dared, but he has himself announced that, whether Italy or France sign the treaty or not, he will regard it as a gentleman's agreement and abide by it. It is a declaration that applies undoubtedly to the whole range of treaties which determine the future of the Far East and guarantee the open door. It means that Japan intends, for the future, to work with the United States and Britain and not against them.

As an admiral Kato always kept, like Horatio Nelson, a blind eye for signals that he did not intend to obey. The story is that at Shushima he adopted tactics entirely his own, and these have been his tactics as a diplomat. Unhappily, his health is uncertain—he is now 64 years old. But even if he were now to disappear from the scene it would still be true that his wisdom has broken the folly of Japanese imperialism. Through him, the common people have realized what is meant by relief from taxation, not indeed as much relief as they would like, but still a beginning. Largely by his sagacity, the hideous doctrine of an inevitable war between Japan and the United States has been sidetracked. He stood at the crossroads and pointed out to his countrymen the better path to prosperity and peace.

THE AMERICAN FAITH AS STUART SHERMAN INTERPRETS IT

THE most hopeful aspect of American literature to-day is its widespread pessimism." So Stuart P. Sherman, Professor of English at the University of Illinois, declares in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Professor Sherman is thinking, when he makes this statement, of what Carl Van Doren, in his book, "Contemporary American Novelists," has called "the revolt from the village," and he cites in support of his contention that long series of narratives beginning in the early eighties with E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town," and followed by Hamlin Garland's "Main Travelled Roads," Mr. Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," and Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius' "Dust."

The pessimistic and critical note in our current literature is by no means confined, however, to representations of country life and the small town. Professor Sherman recalls Edith Wharton's pictures of metropolitan society, from "The House of Mirth" to "The Age of Innocence," and bids us consider the dreary wilderness of Mr. Dreiser's pictures of big business; Ben Hecht's story of a city-editor in "Erik Dorn"; Mr. Cabell's "Cream of the Jest"; Mr. Norris' broad picture of the California scene in "Brass"; Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the youngest generation in "The Beautiful and the Damned"; Mr. Hergesheimer's new novel,

"Cytherea"; and, finally, Mr. Lewis' "Babbitt." The burden of these last-named novels is the revolt of city dwellers; of men and women who have definitely left behind the village and small town, and who are, if possible, even more dissatisfied than they were in their previous state.

Professor Sherman welcomes the attitude that indicts present-day civilization. He is ready to concede, as practically all of these novelists urge, that our world is lacking in elevation and beauty; is humdrum and dreadfully un-



HE EXTOLS THE HERO OF CULTURE

The time is coming, according to Professor Sherman, of the University of Illinois, when we shall glorify, not political, military and industrial heroes, but the man who does most to "bring the whole body of the people to the fullest and fairest human life of which they are capable."

interesting; and fails to appease the vague yet already actually painful hunger of the average man for a good life. He can even sympathize with the new voices which say: "Beguile us no longer with heroic legends and romantic idyls. The life which you celebrate is not beautiful, not healthy, not satisfying. It is ugly, obscene, devastating. It is driving us mad."

Having granted so much, it does not follow that Professor Sherman is to be found in the ranks of the revolutionaries. He joins hands with the destructive criticism of modern life only in so far as it is destructive. He thinks that, apart from their critical attitude, most of our prophets are weak and sterile. He is not an Anarchist nor a Socialist. He can speak of popular Freudianism as "perhaps the most pestilential of all the prevailing winds of doctrine." He calls Henry L. Mencken the mentor of the empty-headed *jeune fille*, and regards critics of the type of Huneker, Spingarn, Mencken and Lewisohn as "restless impressionists, almost destitute of doctrine."

What, then, is the affirmative side of Sherman's message and what does he actually mean when he says that "the most hopeful aspect of American literature to-day is its widespread pessimism"? The answers to these questions may be found in part in the *Atlantic Monthly* article from which these words are taken, and at greater length in his new book, "Americans" (Scribner's), in which he attempts to define his principle.

The Freudians are right, he declares, when they attribute the central malady of our civilization to suppressed desires. They are tragically wrong, however, he continues, if they think that this malady can be cured by ignoring inhibitions and releasing instincts. It is not through license that any redemption can be wrought, and our young people, in their heart of hearts, themselves know it. "As I talk with the members of the beautiful younger generation which comes through my classroom

year after year," Professor Sherman writes, "I find that the Freudians are profoundly mistaken in their analysis of human nature. The deepest craving of these average young men and women is not to be unbound, and released, and to be given a license for a free and spontaneous doing as they please in all directions. They recognize that nature and environment and lax educational discipline have made them beings of sufficiently uncoordinated desires and scattering activities." The argument proceeds:

"What they deeply crave is a binding generalization of philosophy, or religion, or morals, which will give direction and purpose, which will give channel and speed, to the languid diffusive drift of their lives. The suppressed desire which causes their unhappiness is a suppressed desire for a good life, for the perfection of their human possibilities. The average unreflective man does not always know that this is, in fact, his malady. And in the blind hunger and thirst of his unenlightened nature, he reaches out eagerly for opiates and anodynes, which leave him unsatisfied. But what the innermost law of his being demands, what his human nature craves, is something good and great that he can do with his heart and mind and body. He craves the active peace of surrender and devotion to something greater than himself. Surrender to anything less means the degradation and humiliation of his spirit."

The "something good and great" to which Professor Sherman would have our youth relate themselves is the religion of democracy as incarnate in its preceptors. His book, "Americans," is a tribute to tradition, but his thought of tradition is dynamic and points to the future. It is also a tribute to Puritanism, but the Puritanism that he has in mind is, in its original sense, a liberation.

Professor Sherman was led to write it, he tells us, at the time of the World War. He had been drawn, like so many others, in the direction of internationalism. Patriotism, for the time, was in disrepute because it was held respon-

sible for the War. "In order to become men, in the higher sense of the word," as Professor Sherman puts it, "our disillusioned youth imagined they must slay the thing they loved—they must cease to be Americans."

It was only after great spiritual travail that Professor Sherman was able to fight his way to a new and, as he felt, a higher position. "There came to me, as if in a vision," he says, "our 'divine mother,' the spirit of America as the clearest among our poets and statesmen have seen her, assuring me that the higher piety demands no such immolations. That which we have loved in our country, she declared, that which we have honored in her, that which reveals her to our hearts as proudly beautiful is in no way dangerous to Humanity. On the contrary, the more deeply we loved the true constituent elements of her loveliness, and set ourselves to further them, the more perfectly we should find ourselves in accord with the 'friends of mankind' in all nations."

In this spirit Professor Sherman interprets Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Andrew Carnegie, Roosevelt, the Adams family, and contrast his own position with that of Paul Elmer More. Our culture, he points out, has gone through three main stages. In our first period we wanted a stable government, and we got it and wholeheartedly glorified the political and military heroes who gave it to us. In our second period we wanted a rapid and wide diffusion of the material instruments of civilized life; we got them, and wholeheartedly glorified the industrial heroes who provided them. In our third period the captains of industry have lost prestige; we know them too well. "What the average man now wants is the large-scale production and the wide diffusion of science, art, music, literature, health, recreation, manners, human intercourse, happiness—the best to be had; and he is going to get them and to glorify wholeheartedly the heroes of culture who provide them for him."

A great civilization, in Professor Sherman's definition of the word, begins to form when men reach an agreement as to what is desirable and praiseworthy. The leading Athenians, in their best moods, reached such an agreement, and that is why they are still influencing the world. If America is to reach her full stature it will be because our people are fully awakened to what they desire. This desire must be organized around some central and animating purpose, which is to give the average man an object to which he can joyfully surrender his full strength.

But this is not all. The animating principle to which we aspire must be clearly recognized as a democratic and not as an aristocratic one. The ideal held in view must be that of "bringing the whole body of the people to the fullest and fairest human life of which they are capable."

This point of view is not, as it has been called, moralistic. It is essentially religious. And the religion of an intelligent man, Professor Sherman holds, is based neither upon repression, nor upon release. He concludes:

"Religion binds us to old morals and customs so long as they help us toward the attainment of our object; but it releases from old morals and customs as soon as they impede our progress toward that object. The object gives the standard. Confronted with heirlooms or with innovations, one's first question is, does this, or does it not, tend to assist the entire body of the people toward the best human life of which they are capable. Advance to this point of view, and you leave behind you universal sympathy, universal cynicism, universal aestheticism, and the black bats of the Freudian cave. You grasp again a power of choice which enables you to accept or reject, with something of that lost serenity which Socrates displayed when he rejected escape from prison and accepted the hemlock. You recover something of that high elation which Emerson displayed when he said: 'I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and good-will at the heart of things, and ever higher and higher leadings.'"

BERNHARDT WALL MAKES ETCHINGS FOR THE MULTITUDE

IT is something unique to be hailed "as the first man to publish an all-etched book; as the first man to publish an etched quarterly; as the first man to publish an etched monthly." These characterizations are taken from a tribute to Bernhardt Wall in the New York *Herald* by Clement Wood, and are serving to bring into prominence one of the notable artistic figures of our time. Mr. Wood goes so far as to call Wall "the Henry Ford of etching . . . as well as one of its Christopher Columbuses." He shows

how Wall has done more than any other single man to democratize etching. As he tells us: "His etchings and first states hang in the collections of J. P. Morgan, of Henry Clay Frick, of Henry E. Huntingdon, of Frederick W. Vanderbilt; they share, with brewing company calendars and clippings from the rotogravure sections, the dusty walls of Tony Maschelli, the corner boot-black; Pat McCarty, the corner policeman; Mrs. Helen Yarmolinski, the neighborhood cleaning woman. They are on display in the Newark Public Library, the Grosvenor Library at Buffalo, the Toronto Museum of Art, and also in the district Tammany Club, and the nearest branch of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union."

A new work of this versatile genius that will interest not only art collectors but patrons of the theater, is a forthcoming forty-page book made up entirely of etched text and pictures of the Russian players who have had such an extraordinary reception in this country. The Wall "gallery" of etchings will include both the players in the Chauve-Souris production and that of the Moscow Art Theater, brought to America by Morris Gest.

Clement Wood's article is entitled "Etching Up From the Breadline" and opens with a story of Wall as a young artist watching in the winter of 1893 the old Fleischman breadline in New York. He was not himself in that line, but he feared that he might be, and, as he watched he saw one of his friends waiting for the midnight dole. The two



THE DEAN OF AMERICAN POETS

Mr. Markham's fiery eye and shaggy head are portrayed to the life in this study by Bernhardt Wall.

subsequently "beat it" by train to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Somewhere in Louisiana the man who had been in the breadline dropped off; the young artist kept on until he reached Texas.

In those days Mr. Wall was not above chopping wood in the backyard of a farmhouse in return for a warm breakfast, if a breakfast could be had in no other way. He knew what it meant to sit around camp fires with hoboes. He made posters and picture postal cards, served as a soldier in the Spanish-American War, and did a thousand and one other things to keep the pot boiling.

It was not until 1920 that he published his first etched book, a dog book entitled "Man's Best Friend." Within a year *Wall's Etched Monthly* had made its curtsy to art lovers. A second year saw this compressed and deepened into *Wall's Etched Quarterly*, its present form.

The spirit of a recent issue of the *Quarterly* is thus conveyed:

"The table of contents is a soft dream of brown-orange beauty. Then comes a green gem—a little fairy, baton in hand, teaching a chorus of bunnies to sing out of their opened song books—a whimsical delight. A stiff, stern page of sketches from the Spanish-American war. . . . Memories come of the *Maine*, of Dewey at Manila, of the hot charge up San Juan Hill, with the withering gunfire to be met and silenced. A poem, 'Riverside,' shows at its base Grant's Tomb, the drowsy Atlantic fleet, the Palisades drowsing behind it. A charming dog picture, 'Jacquot'; an appreciation of 'Civic Virtue,' a fine etching of it, and a striking head of the sculptor. 'Rag Picker, Greenwich Village'; a sea scene from Gloucester; poems by Marjorie Meeker, Edwin Markham, William Griffith, interpreted by the brain and fingers of the artist; 'Venetian Vegetable Vender'; children upon a seesaw; St. Patrick's Cathedral; General Diaz, the Italian commander—and we are hardly half way through!"



A MODERN EXUBERANT

Mr. Chesterton's smile is preserved for posterity by Bernhard Wall in this clever etching.

The impecunious young artist doubtless had his dreams of art, and of art successful; of a picture hung in this house or that, in this exhibition or that salon. But the reality, Mr. Wood observes, is more shining yet. "It is something to be an artist, and to win the accolade of entrance into the exclusive collections of the great collectors. It is something to be an innovator, to blaze out trails—the first etched book, the first etched magazine. It is more to make the road easier for subsequent etchers—to waken an enduring public interest in this chaste and aristocratic art."

THE FAT MAN'S NOVELS THAT WON THE GONCOURT PRIZE

ONE of the most coveted of French literary awards, the Prix Goncourt, established twenty-six years ago by Edmond de Goncourt and given annually to the most remarkable prose work of imagination created during the preceding twelve months, has lately been conferred on two of Henri Béraud's novels, "Le Vitriol de Lune" and "Le Martyre de l'Obèse." The first is a historical novel dealing with the period of Louis XV. It takes its title from the action of a conspirator who, disguised as a servant, pours into the King's glass a deadly Italian powder known as "vitriol de lune." The second, "Le Martyre de l'Obèse" (The Martyrdom of the Fat Man) is a novel describing the troubles of the corpulent.

"Le Martyre de l'Obèse," by far the more original of the two, is a book by a fat man about a fat man, published by a fat man and dedicated to fat men. M. Béraud weighs 230 pounds. His publisher, Albin Michel, weighs enough to figure among nineteen fat individuals to whom Béraud dedicates his book.



HENRI BÉRAUD

We see here, through the eyes of a French artist, the author whose two novels have lately been crowned by the Académie Goncourt.

The most distinguished of these individuals is Marshal Joffre.

The story is in the form of a monologue. It occupies nearly 250 pages and passes in a provincial café where an expansive, supersentimental fat man describes in detail his experiences and more particularly the disillusion of a grotesque affair of the heart with a small, thin woman who has played fast and loose with him.

This autobiographical lamentation abounds in comic episodes. Its author tells of his frantic efforts to "reduce" and of how he has been wont to pass his favorite restaurant "like a hungry wolf." The culminating moment of the recital is reached in that moment when his lady is at last disposed to favor his suit and says to him: "Happiness now is yours, Fatty!" The word "Fatty" at such a moment stings him like a scorpion, and he dashes away leaving her mute and aghast.

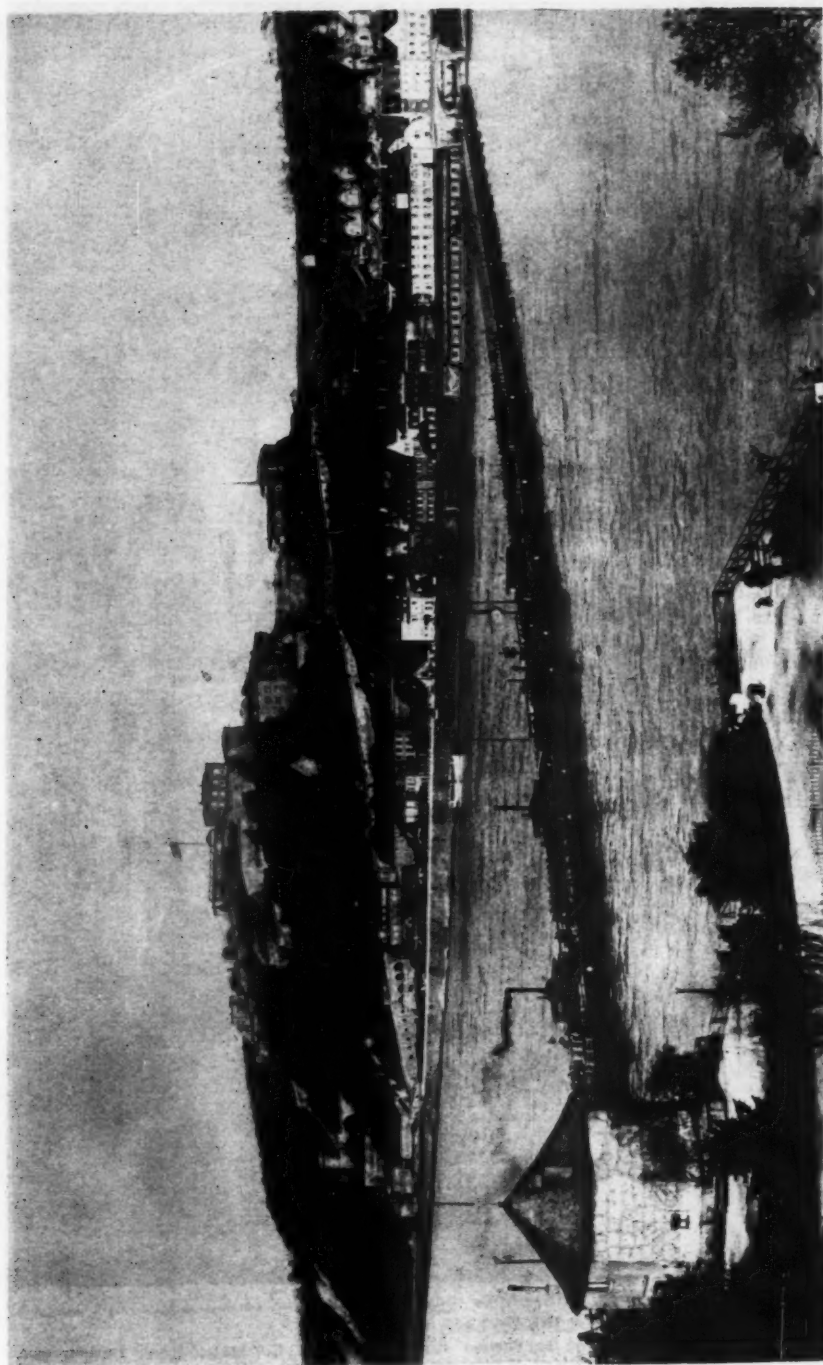
It is all much more than excellent fooling. "The style," Mr. T. R. Ybarra notes in the *New York Times*, "seems light and trifling, but underlying all lightness there is a substratum of grimness which is eloquent evidence of what existence means to those who tip the scale at more than two hundred." It is simple, direct, precise, witty, ingenious and buoyant, adds Alvan F. Sanborn in the *Boston Transcript*, and reveals its author as "a lineal descendant of Rabelais, Molière, Voltaire, the Balzac of the 'Contes Drolatiques,' the Daudet of 'Tartarin,' and Georges Courteline."

M. Béraud, who comes from Lyons and is thirty-seven years old, is one of the best known of Parisian journalists. He was formerly connected with the daily newspaper *L'Oeuvre*; has done dramatic criticisms for the *Mercure de France*; and is at present on the staff of the *Petit Parisien*. His work often carries him far afield.



A HOLY PLACE OF SCIENCE

In a Napoleonic tomb, in the crypt of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, lies hushed Louis Pasteur who, on his centenary, is glorified as "a king of peace."



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AMERICAN TROOPS BID GERMANY AUF WIEDERSEHEN

Third battalion of the 5th Infantry crossing the pontoon bridge at Coblenz, homeward bound, with the Ehrenbreitstein in the upper background.



© Keystone View Company AS ON PARADE, THE VANGUARD OF THE FRENCH ARMY ENTERED ESSEN IN THE RUHR
On the faces shown in this photograph of the German citizenry in the German city made famous by the Krupps can be read: "Can it be possible? What next?"

Third battalion of the 5th Infantry crossing the pontoon bridge at Coblenz, homeward bound, with the Rhine in the background.



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BERLIN STAGES A GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN PROTEST OF THE RUHR "INVASION"

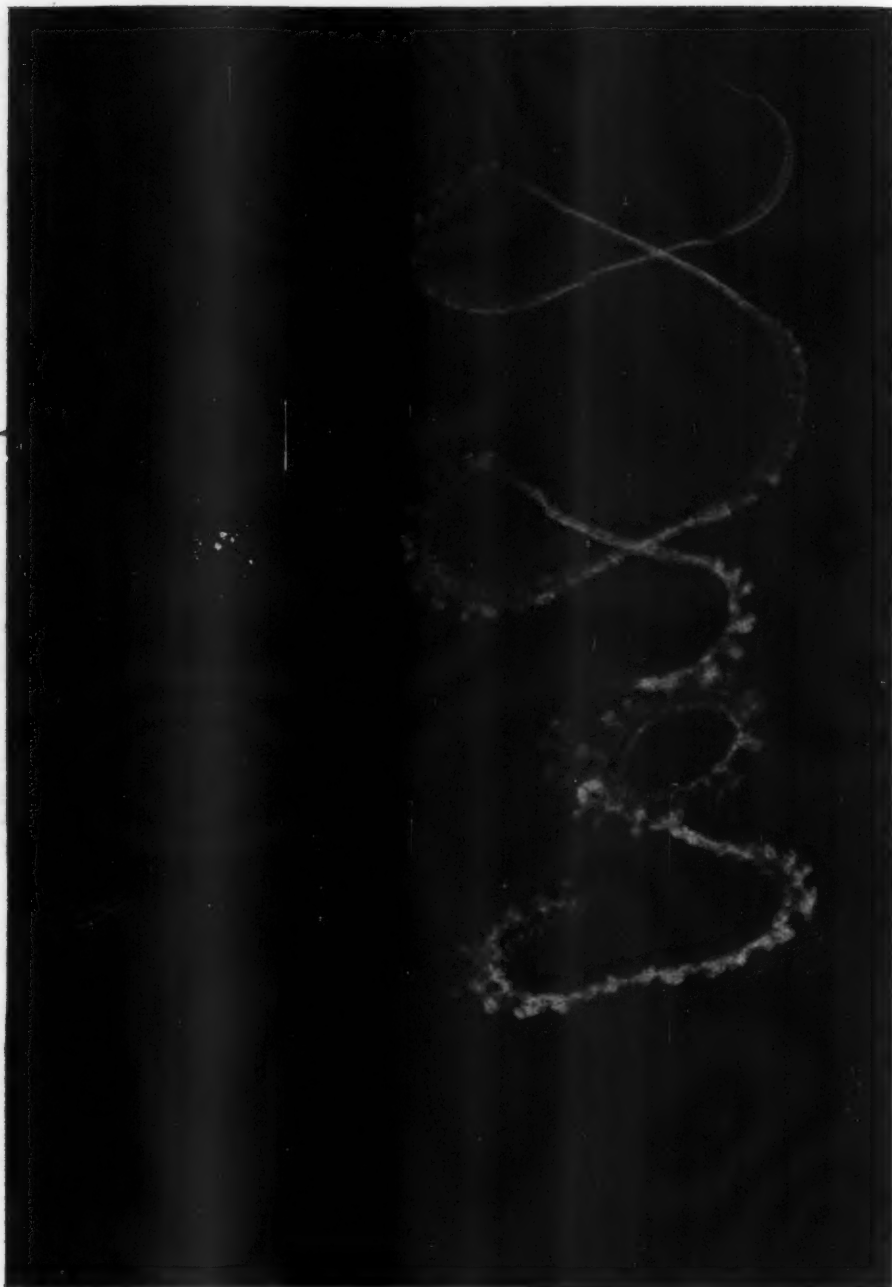
Around the statue of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, assembled a vast throng in the Prussian capital on the day the French troops occupied Essen. Speechmaking in progress.



© Wide World Photos

THE FIRST PUEBLO INDIANS TO VISIT WASHINGTON SINCE THE DAYS OF LINCOLN. Carrying canoes presented to their fathers by the Great Emancipator himself, they lodged a protest with Congress against legislation that would dispossess them of their ancestral homes.

Around the statue of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, assembled a vast assembly of speakers. Speechmaking in progress.



© Jack Sussman

"CALL VAN 7100" WAS THE WAY THIS SKY-MESSAGE READ WHEN COMPLETED
It was written in smoke ejected from an airplane directly over New York by Major Jack Savage,
inventor of sky-writing. The letters were a mile high.



© Courtesy Illustrated London News

THREE VIEWS OF THE AUTO "INVASION" OF THE SAHARA

Its importance lies in the fact that "five cars did more to open up Timbuku to the world than had all the camel caravans which had preceded them."



© Mirzaoff

THE MOST REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE PYRAMIDS
In the foreground lies the quaint Egyptian town of Ghiseh, while just beyond is the largest of the pyramids (Cheops) with a height of 482 feet and a base that is 780 feet square.

WHAT MATTHEW ARNOLD MEANS IN THE THOUGHT OF TO-DAY

IT is thirty-five years since Matthew Arnold died, but "he is greater now," a recent writer in the *New Republic* declares, "than he seemed to his contemporaries." This tribute, one of a score evoked in America by the centenary of the distinguished English poet, critic and educator, should be linked with another by Stanley T. Williams in the *North American Review* in which we get a distinct impression of Arnold's continuing vitality. It is possible that H. G. Wells is mistaken when he says that Arnold's poems are read only by industrious students of poetry and adds: "His influence on religious affairs was profound, but it has sunken in and is not credited to him very much. He has been *digested*. Not lost but assimilated." The experience of others seems to gainsay both of these statements. John Masefield, the poet, has lately affirmed his conviction that "all who care for English poetry read Arnold's 'Thyrsis,' 'Scholar-Gipsy,' 'Strayed Reveller,' 'Dover Beach,' or the lyrics in 'Empedocles'"; while the Ethical Culture leader, Percival Chubb, in an article in the *New York Standard* in which he acknowledges his spiritual debt to Arnold, goes so far as to assert: "His reinterpretations of the Bible as literature and his applications of the canons of criticism to it were of revolutionary importance, opening up the whole field of what has since been called the higher criticism."

When Arnold visited the United States in 1883 and again in 1886, he lectured on Emerson, who he said had meant more to him even than Carlyle. The chief fault that he had to find with this country was its over-praise of the average man. "Whoever talks of excellence as common and abundant," he reminded us, "is on the way to lose all right standards of excellence." The very quintessence of Matthew Arnold's message was its call to discrimination;

and the culture of which he was a high priest meant "getting to know," as he put it, "on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world." He preached this gospel as others might have preached a religion. He wanted his hearers to "turn a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits"; he exhorted them to make this culture "prevail in the world"—become evangelists, as it were, of "the true human perfection" which it sets up as its mark—"a *harmonious* perfection, developing all sides of our humanity, and a *general* perfection, developing all parts of our society."

In pursuance of this aim he wrote his masterly "Essays in Criticism" and his "Culture and Anarchy." No man more than he embodied the literary



AN APOSTLE OF CULTURE

So far from being outgrown, Matthew Arnold's evangel is still, according to a recent commentator, "ahead of the times—ahead, even, of the younger generation."

spirit of his age, and yet we always feel in him the humanist as well as the writer. He was saturated in the classics; he had penetrated to the heart of the romantic movement; but he saw in England "a lower class brutalized" and "an upper class materialized," and he never could forget that "conduct is three-fourths of life." His ambition, in the words he used in his sonnet on Sophocles, was to see life steadily and see it whole.

Religious problems were constantly in his mind, and pagan and Christian motives fought for mastery within him. He was ever seeking to interweave "the Grecian vine-wreath and the Hebrew crown of thorns," but he never completely succeeded, and he would not pretend to a harmony he had not achieved. When he came to the conclusion that, on the one hand, men could not do without Christianity, and, on the other, that they would not do with it as it was, he set himself to the work of theological reconstruction. The result was such books as "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible" and "St. Paul and Protestantism," in which he defined religion as "morality touched with emotion," and spoke of God as "the eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

Has all this an old-fashioned air? On the contrary, says Percival Chubb, it suggests something that we have not attained. Mr. Chubb goes on to compare the teaching of Matthew Arnold with the teaching, let us say, of James Harvey Robinson—to the disadvantage of the latter. He recalls that the counsel of such books as "The Mind in the Making" is to forget the past and to stake all on the future. "How different," Mr. Chubb exclaims, "is this vein, and all this excursioning in the starless void, from that Goethean strain which Arnold takes up (one biographer dares to call him 'our English Goethe') : 'Heard are the voices, heard are the sages, the worlds and the ages.'" Mr. Chubb continues: "The voices are not hollow: the sages are not bankrupt. They have what we *must* get if we are

to prosper. We must form ourselves on them, the best of them—the most excellent things, the most gifted spirits—the masters and the masterpieces."

In similar spirit, Robert L. Duffus, in the *New York Globe*, hails Arnold as a man "still ahead of the times—ahead, even, of the younger generation," while Albert Jay Nock, in the *Freeman*, advises the reading of Arnold as "an aid, a most powerful and illuminating aid, to the interpretation of our own times, not his." Mr. Nock continues:

"His fellow countrymen felt immense pride over their unprecedented development of the mechanics of civilization; Arnold examined the quality of the actual civilization produced by all this mechanical apparatus, exhibited its defects and showed that in default of a higher ideal of civilization, a worthier object for the application of all this machinery, these defects would spread past the margin of safety and the structure itself break down. 'Your middle-class man,' he says, speaking by the mouth of his Prussian friend Arminius, 'thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell, and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it is nothing that the trains only carry him from an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell; and the letters only tell him that such is the life there.' The country which so insistently confuses the mechanics of civilization with civilization itself, and cares nothing for the quality of civilization as long as its physical apparatus is abundant and highly developed, is 'on its way either to a great transformation or a great disaster.' Now, after the fact, we can all see that this is so, and see why it is so.

"Everyone who wishes—as most of us do—to do something rather better than mere drifting, everyone who concerns himself to any degree with the problem of human perfectibility, who asks himself at all seriously what life has to offer and what he would like to have it give him, will gain rather more in solid value from Arnold, especially at this stage of the world's progress, than from any other critic of society."



"BLACK ERIC RAPPED, FEEBLY AT FIRST, HIS HANDS TREMBLING LIKE ASPEN-LEAVES. GETTING NO RESPONSE BUT AN EMPTY ECHO FROM WITHIN, HE STRUCK HIS FIST HEAVILY AGAINST THE DOOR. 'OPEN THE DOOR, WITCH!' HE CRIED"

WITCH MARY

*Through This Grim Tale of the Northland
Shines a Mother's Fierce Love*

By GENEVIEVE LARSSON

Illustrated by Marie Abrams

"**H**AS any one of you seen Witch Mary of late?" Wise Olaf, keeper of the country store, asked the question of the farmers gathered in a group on the "grocery side." A curious, vivid silence followed. They had been rejoicing over their fields of grain, which stood, as one man had exultantly proclaimed, high as a man's arms, and were heavy with promise. Some made as if to speak, shifted uneasily, sucked back the half-formed words.

"Well?" questioned Wise Olaf.

Through the Summer stillness a wind swept up from the river, came sighing in through the open door, and rattled the loose papers about. There was something

eery, electric, about it, as tho it carried with it an unseen presence.

"Hush! The women will hear you!" cautioned one, glancing across the room.

"Not seen a sign of her all Summer; but that's a good sign," nervously ventured a gnarled, bent, old man, stooping over the counter to pick up a stray coffee-bean. He rubbed it between his horny palms, and then fell to munching it, his long chin nearly meeting his nose in the process. Assuming an attitude of cheerfulness, he glanced around carelessly, and then slumped back into a chair.

The women across the room were busy examining the rolls of blue and brown denim that Wise Olaf's Kaisa displayed

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upon the counter, and had been chattering together busily. The Summer was a good one, and they could buy extra yards. Underlying their Northern speech, in which were represented various provincial dialects of Sweden, was an undercurrent of wistful melancholy, as though they feared to be too joyous, lest some unforeseen disaster come upon them in the midst of their plenty. Now, quick to note a change of feeling in the men's talk, they stopped, broken sentences suspended in the air, reluctantly left the goods upon the counter, and crossed to the other side.

"But what is it?" asked Kaisa, looking around at the guilty faces.

"We were just talking about Witch Mary," answered Wise Olaf.

"We agreed, long ago, not to talk of her." Kaisa's voice was high-pitched, nervous. Her keen, rather hard-featured face lit up with a curious, avid expression. "As long's you've started, *has* anyone seen her?"

"Not one time during the whole Summer," answered Olga, a fair, comely matron.

"Though from my place I can see the top of the hill. Sometimes I run out, when the sun is high, thinking to catch a glimpse of her. The trees must have grown up about the hut. Every day, I remember, the year of the drought, I could see her standing there, waving her cane with one hand, and the other held to her brow, looking out over the valley."

"The river, you mean," put in Wise Olaf, carefully tying a package with his knotted hands.

A tremor passed over the crowd.

"I doubt not it was the river," said Olga, rebuked. The men, some standing, others seated on chairs placed conveniently about, puffed more heavily at their long corn-cob pipes.

"Sometimes," Olga continued shamefacedly, "she looked so lonely standing there. Just as if she were turned to a statue of grief. I wanted to run up and comfort her. But I never dared. Besides, Sven would not permit me. And there is

no road, only this path, leading down to the river."

"A GOOD thing for you that you didn't go," said the gnarled old man, trying to speak lightly. "Silent Sven would have been left a widower." The men laughed relievedly, and the shy young giant standing beside the counter flushed to the roots of his yellow hair.

"Oh, I don't know," finished Olga, weakly. "I—I am sorry for her, poor old soul!"

"Some say she was seen the day Black Eric left," Kaisa's shrill voice broke in. "She stepped in front of him on the road, and the horses stopped dead. She cursed him as usual. 'So you are going away,' she screamed; 'but I will follow you—I will follow you!' He struck at her with

his whip, but she avoided him. 'I hope you die!' he shouted at her, and she screamed back, 'Aye, though I were dead a thousand years, my hate for you would bring me back!'"

"*Ja, kära Gud!*" sighed a wrinkled old crone. "Let us stop talking of this and finish our buying."

She turned to cross the store; nobody heeded her, and, as though reluctant to miss anything, she stayed.

"Perhaps Black Eric took her with him"—the man who spoke laughed hollowly—"for not once since, as near as I can figure, has she been seen."

"That's likely!" retorted Wise Olaf. "She's the only thing he was ever afraid of."

"I DIDN'T think he'd stay away this long," said the old man. "He loved his power over us too much. And now he's gone since last November."

"Oh, he'll be back soon enough," answered Wise Olaf. "I saw Young Eric the other day. He's expecting him any time."

"I was having a good time," grumbled the old crone, puffing away at her pipe, "and you've made me ill with your talk!"

"Always in the Winters before," continued Kaisa, "I have seen her coming

IT is rare indeed for a writer, in a first published story, to approach, even, the heights and depths of emotion, the rugged power and the beauty of diction attained in this story which we reprint, by permission, from the "Pictorial Review." Miss Larsson is a young woman, of Scandinavian ancestry, from whom as a writer much may be expected. This story is approved unanimously by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

down the path on her skis. At night, thinking no one would see her. There she'd come, swiftly, her skirts flying behind her, and straight down she would go, over the bank, and out to the spot where her daughter was drowned. You should have heard her moaning, and wringing her hands! And she would cry something terrible. Many times I've asked Olaf to build us a house elsewhere, and not live here in the store like heathen folk, where we had to see such a sight and listen to such things. 'Tis not good for the children."

"I've heard," said Olga, her voice soft and pitying, "that she was just like other people before she lost the girl. That they were very happy, even though they were so poor, with their little garden and their hut. Perhaps she is like others still, only we are afraid of her, and that makes her queer. Perhaps we should go up and see if anything has happened to her?" She looked around questioningly, her blue eyes pleading.

"I've often said so to Kaisa," answered Wise Olaf. "It's you women, I said, should go—"

"How can you expect us to go," asked Kaisa angrily, "when you men are afraid?"

"And with good reason," cackled the old man, his toothless gums still busy with the coffee-bean. "I'm old here, and I know. I was with those that went up, shortly after we'd found the daughter, and Witch Mary had had her brought up there, and buried beside the hut—"

"Beside the hut—think of that! That was no Christian thing to do. You must have known then there was something wrong."

"Why, no. We thought that natural enough, crazed with grief as she was. Never shall I forget when we found the body and carried it home. One of us could have carried her easily so light she was. And beautiful, even when dead. Like an angel that's been caught asleep." His voice took on a dreamy, far-away tone. "Her hair was loose, and so long it swept the ground. It looked *alive*, and we dared not touch it, so we carried her high—"

The room was silent. Outside rang the voices of children playing among the willows.

"And the water fell from her hair, like great tears, all along the path—"

In the heavy silence the women stood motionless, eyes downcast. The men held

their bodies rigidly. A burst of wind entered, passed through with a long, drawn-out sigh. It died with a moan. They started up apprehensively.

Kaisa rudely broke the silence. "But go on," she said. "What happened when you went up afterward? After the girl was buried? We've never heard the real truth about that."

"A week later, all in a friendly spirit, we went to her, thinking to buy her trees. The rest of us were cleaning out our timber. And she had the best trees of all, standing on the level stretch behind the hut, where they could easily be rolled right down to the river and taken to the mill. It would have relieved her poverty, and we thought that would help. We didn't look for her to take on so, seeing we came for that—"

"Well?" questioned Kaisa, her black eyes snapping with curiosity.

"Black Eric was with us," the old man went on. "That was a mistake, I suppose, seeing she blamed it all on him. Though I don't know that he was guilty. He said she jumped right out of the boat, and that he couldn't save her—"

"There are those," said Olga, darkly, "that think he *wouldn't*. That he'd coaxed her into the boat against her will, and that she had no choice. It was death—or something worse. *That* was like him!" Her breast heaved with excitement.

"What use to dig it up?" asked the old man gently. "No one really knows. Anyway, Black Eric went along, though he acted queer. One of the men had told him he daren't. That's how he came to go. Too much of a blusterer to take a dare. Everything was quiet when we got there. We rapped at the door, and no one answered. Then we went on to where the girl was buried, near the hut between two large oaks. There lay Mary, with the cloth tied around her head, and her red shawl around her shoulders, just as we've seen her dressed ever since. Lying flat down on the grave. I thought at first she was dead. So must the rest have thought, and Black Eric shrieked out, 'O God, she's dead!' Then we heard a dreadful weeping, and she got up—no, I did not see her get up, but there she stood."

"IN a few days she'd grown into an old woman, though she wasn't young, even when the girl was born. But such a face as she turned to us! Like an old parchment containing saga lore. Wrinkled and

mad with grief, but with a *power!* Almost as if she could have swept us away with one hand. Her eyes bored through us—they were like burnt-out cinders, dead, but yet terribly alive. When she saw Black Eric she went wild. She shrieked and whirled before us until I was dizzy. Some of the men were so afraid they didn't even *see* her; she blinded them. She hurled her curses. Never, never have I seen such a sight!"

"Oh, poor thing, poor thing!" choked Olga, thinking, no doubt, of her own mother, lonely and bent with work in far-away Vermland.

"She drove us down the hill. Frightened as we all were, no one of us was shaken with terror as Black Eric was. Never has any one ventured near her since, though God knows how she lives. It's not often we let a neighbor go without food. That's not our way. But what could we do? There was a little clearing where she had her garden, and she and her girl used to work in the old days, but she's old now, and even if she were able—"

"**S**HE has never so much as bought a pound of coffee here," hastened Kaisa. "Half starved she must be, and frozen in the winter."

"I hope he never comes back!" cried Olga passionately.

"He? Who?" questioned Kaisa.

"Black Eric. He's evil—he's—"

"Oh, as for that," said the old man, "no one knew if he was guilty or not. There was no proof. And I've heard said he's coming—soon. But one should not blame him too much. He was young when this happened, and he loved the girl—"

"Love? You call that love?" Olga's tones were hot with wrath. She looked at her husband, Silent Sven, and her face changed and softened. Her little girl came running in through the open door, clasping a bunch of purplish-blue flowers in her hand. She pushed through the crowd and burrowed her golden head in her mother's skirts.

"I am afraid, Mama; I am afraid," she panted, trembling violently.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, *lilla vänner,*" comforted her mother, trying to steady her own voice. "We are right here where we can see you through the windows."

"Where did you get those flowers?" Kaisa's tones were sharper than usual. "Not on the river-bank, surely."

"Gerda and I—we went up—up the path a little ways—just a little ways," said the girl, "to pick them."

"That's blue vervain!" screamed Kaisa, raising her arms in horror. "Throw it away, child; it's cursed!"

The little girl dropped the flowers.

"Pick it up and throw it out!" she ordered.

"Hush!" said Olga, stooping for the flowers. "Do not frighten the little one. That's but an old foolish superstition."

She crossed to the door and flung the blossoms far. Coming back, she asked Silent Sven if he had some candy for the children. He pulled a bulky bag from his pocket.

"Do not go up the path again," cautioned Olga. "Stay on the river-bank. Now run and play with the others. Mind you give some candy to the rest!"

The girl reached eagerly for the bag and started for the door, drying her eyes with one hand. She ran off the board platform, darted between the wagons hitched in front of the store, and on down to the river-bank where the children were swinging on the young willows.

"I do believe some one else is coming," cried Olga, going to the window and peering out. She uttered a dismayed cry, and the rest crowded behind her.

Black Eric dashed up in a smart new buggy to which were hitched two slim, shining horses. A moment later, whip in hand, he entered the store. He looked around, smiling at the group, and began shaking hands, greeting each one jovially.

"And here's Olga, too," he cried, his black eyes snapping with delight as he stepped up to her. The young woman's face flushed hotly. Silent Sven edged nearer.

"My name is Mrs. Nillson," she said coldly, refusing to take his hand.

"Ven can I come for coffee and some of your good *äppelkaka*?" he smirked, laughing at her dismay.

"Talk Swede so I can understand," croaked the old woman, puffing viciously at her pipe, "and leave Olga alone. You needn't put on airs, for all you've been to the city."

"**W**ELL, old sourface!" he answered good-naturedly. "Anything to please such a beauty as you! *Ta' mej fan*, but I'm glad to be back!" He looked around from face to face, but saw no gleam of welcome. "What's the matter?"

he asked abruptly. They shrank away, as if fearing the ring of command in his voice.

Olga touched her husband's arm. "Let's go, dear," she coaxed. "Let's go at once."

"We'll stay yet awhile," answered Sven, flashing her a reassuring smile.

"He'll get them all in his power," she whispered, "just as he had them before. Every one of us. I can feel it in his voice." She tugged at his sleeve.

"I'm not in his power, and I said we'd stay awhile," he answered quietly.

"What brought you back, Eric?" asked Wise Olaf. "Love for Young Eric, I suppose?" The crowd responded with a smothered laugh.

Black Eric chose not to take offense. "Why, as for that," he said, "perhaps I did want to see Young Eric. It's natural enough for a father to want to see his son, isn't it? But that wasn't the real reason. I came because I couldn't sleep. Night after night I lay awake, and always I heard a curious sound, like a tapping, tapping, tapping. I thought if I came back here I could rest again—"

"A tapping!" cried Olga. "Then you did take Witch Mary with you!"

Black Eric's face, pale before, lost the last vestige of color. He wheeled upon her. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"The tapping of her cane!" she answered. "She's not been seen since you left."

"I hope to God she's dead!" There was a note of defiant relief in Black Eric's voice. At the shout of protest that greeted his words he became placating. "Well, she's done us all harm, hasn't she? She brought the drought upon us with her curse. She cursed yet again, and the dam broke up the river, and the flood came and drowned many of our cattle. She—"

Swarming in through the door came the children, cutting short his speech. They ran, terrified, to their mothers.



"ONE OF US COULD HAVE CARRIED HER EASILY SO LIGHT SHE WAS. AND THE WATER FELL FROM HER HAIR LIKE GREAT TEARS"

"I knew it!" sobbed Olga's girl. "I knew something awful would come!"

"But what is it? What's the matter?" cried the women, alarmed.

Kaisa's boy, the oldest of the children, answered. "The Witch! Witch Mary! She came down the path to the river. Didn't you hear her clicking her old cane? Didn't you hear her curse?"

"Will she—will she—come in here, I wonder?" faltered one woman.

"She said the serpent of the river would get him! She cried it out! She waved her cane and said that!"

"No," protested another child, "she said she would kill him!"

"I could not see her—I was so—so scared!" a third added, quivering.

Black Eric stood silent, his face pale and twitching. He was evidently fighting for control.

"Where'd she go?" he asked.

"Down to the river!"

"No, she went back in the woods. She went fast, like the wind!"

THEY crowded to the windows, the children still clinging to their mothers. Beyond the river-bank stretched a sandbar, gleaming white in the sun. The river coiled and twisted, like sensuous green snakes writhing together.

"There she is, Mama! See her through the willows!" cried Kaisa's boy excitedly.

"O, God, yes, there she is! Her clothes are frayed, they blow about her, she waves her cane in the air!"

"Where, where?" pleaded a voice.

"Red shawl, dragging on her shoulder, cloth around her head!"

"Ja, kära Gud!" gasped one.

"Can't you hear her, Mama?" wailed the little girl. "She's muttering—"

A peculiar moaning, like the cry of a lost soul, broke upon them.

"Tis but the river, child," soothed Olga. "Hush, *vänneren*, do not cry so!" Her own voice was wavering, full of a nameless fear.

"Muttering her curses, of course," finished Black Eric, laughing hideously.

"She'll bring some awful thing upon us, even now, with our harvests full!" sobbed the old crone. Her pipe fell unheeded to the floor.

"*Ta' mej fan* if she will!" cried Black Eric, suddenly straightening his shoulders and throwing back his head. "It's a good thing I came back just in time. What are you, a parcel of weaklings, to let her bring you bad luck with her curses?"

"She has done no harm," ventured Olga, but her words sounded feeble.

"Done no harm!" shrieked Black Eric, cracking his whip. "There was the time when the Spring was well on the way. The grain was already up from the ground. The wheat was doing bravely, and the rye was a foot tall. She hadn't been seen for some time—"

"You'd been gone then, too, I remember," accused Olga. "You'd been gone, and we hadn't seen her, and when you returned she—"

"That's nothing to do with it!" he snapped. "She appeared, and cursed us—"

"She cursed *you*, you mean," Olga hid behind her husband, peering out at Black

Eric with hate in her eyes. "She has never troubled us—"

"The bad luck fell upon all alike, didn't it? With the grain as green as could be, and no crows to speak of. Everything pointed to a good Summer. And what happened, I ask you?" His tones rang out clearly now, swept over them with hypnotic spell.

"Come, Sven, before he gets us in his power," she whispered.

"The rains came down and washed it all away. We had to sow the second time, and then it was too late, and we lost everything, even the seed. And the rains washed away much of our land, dragged it into the ravines—"

"That is true!" sighed the old man, looking ever older and more wrinkled.

The faces of the men lengthened, became sad and thoughtful. Memories of long, hard years of heart-breaking toil lingered with them. Many were bent and broken in the struggle, their joints swollen and knotted with rheumatism from the cruel Winters. Ah, it had taken years to win their small farms from the hold of the forests, here on the hilly slopes of Wisconsin. They had given their lives to it.

"It might have happened, anyway," pleaded Olga, gazing fearfully around upon the altered faces of the men. "We can't expect all the years to be as good as this one. Farmers everywhere have some bad years—"

"And there was the time," Black Eric, his eyes gleaming evilly, went on, paying no attention to her interruption, "that the children were coming home from school. They had made wreaths of poison-ivy and hung them around their necks. Witch Mary met them, and told them they would die at sundown. Did they not nearly die?" he demanded, this time addressing the women.

"What are you saying?" cried Olga, drawing the little girl closer. "I have never heard of that."

"We thought best not to speak of it, lest the children get too frightened," said Kaisa. "Young Eric nearly died, as it was. And certain it is they would all have died if they had not come home in time for us to treat them."

Olga stooped to lift her little girl, passionately folding her close.

"Each time she has cursed us it has been something more terrible," Black Eric's voice rang out. "God knows what

it will be this time! And always it has happened when our crops were doing nicely and our hopes were high—"

"That is true; yes, yes, that is true!"

"So now, with your barns so full of hay it sticks out for yards at the open sides and your grain ready to harvest, now—she comes cursing again! And you men are weak enough to let her rob you of this! And you women! What are you, that you will let her curse your children? Such mothers! Ba! Even a dog will protect its young! Yes, like as not it will fall upon the children this time—"

"No, no, no!" The women shrank from him. Some staggered as though they would have fallen, and sat weakly down. A brutal look was dawning in the faces of the men. Silent Sven alone was not moved; his arms were folded in front, his head thrown back.

"EVEN in the old days," Black Eric went on, "before people were civilized, they destroyed the witches that brought them harm. They drove them out! They burned them at the stake!"

"No, no!" Olga found her voice with a choking effort. "You will not be so cruel—you will not burn her!"

Black Eric's eyes gleamed savagely. He towered above them, triumphantly.

"I shouldn't advise that," he agreed, "but—to drive her out—"

"Who is to do this?" quavered a voice.

"Look, Mama," cried the little girl. "She is running back to the woods!"

"Running back to the hut," shrilled Kaisa, peering out, "with her plaid shawl hanging over her bones!"

"Now is the time!" cried Black Eric. "Now, when you can catch her in the hut! Go quickly, you men!"

"And what about *you*?" Silent Sven addressed Black Eric for the first time.

"Me?" cringed Black Eric. "It—would not—do for me—"

"Oh, you *daren't*!" Silent Sven flung the challenge at him.

"*Daren't*! You can't say that word to me! Come on, all of you! I will lead you! I will show you if I dare!" He started for the door, the men preparing to follow him.

"I will go, too!" cried Olga. "You shall not burn her; I can at least see to that!"

"I would burn her," retorted Kaisa. "I would help light the fagots! Olaf, you stay in the store."

"Is that so?" said Olaf, with gleaming

eyes. "I shall be needed, like as not. 'Tis a woman's place to stay at home."

"I'm not going to be cheated of this!" Kaisa turned to the old crone. "You stay," she coaxed.

"You couldn't climb the hill, anyway. It's a long hill."

"I can climb the hill," quavered the old woman. "I can climb it as well as anybody. I shall go with the others. See, every one is going. I shall not stay behind."

"I will give you a pound of coffee, the best in the store. I will give you two yards of cloth for an apron."

The old woman's eyes narrowed to slits. "Five pounds of coffee," she wheedled, "and five yards of your best goods, or I go with the rest!"

"Five pounds! No, that I will never—"

"And some tobacco! Yes, I think I must have some tobacco!"

"Oh, give it to her!" cried Wise Olaf. "Give it her, and let us be on!"

Cautioning the children to play on the bank until their return, they formed in a group at the base of the hill, where the path led up to Witch Mary's hut. Black Eric cracked his whip. The men picked up long sticks, all except Silent Sven. Viking cruelty shone in their faces. The women would have clung to their arms, but the men shook them off, and started ahead, Black Eric leading.

It was a tangled path, knotted across by roots of trees and shrubs. The branches of the trees interlaced above, forming a shady arch. All along, beside the way, slender spires of blue vervain lifted their purple blossoms to the random sun.

"See," said Kaisa, awed by the luxuriant growth. "See how thick it is. And witches have always used it in their caldrons. No wonder it grows here!"

"But the vervain," protested Olga, "the vervain grew on Mount Calvary, and it has the power of healing."

"You will say next, I suppose," Kaisa retorted, "that it has been watered by the old witch's tears!"

"Come on, you women!" called Wise Olaf. "Do not lag behind!"

THE women became silent, not stopping again to take note of the flowers beside the way. They panted after the men, who were climbing rapidly.

"Can you see the hut?" called Kaisa, pausing to get her breath.

"No, the trees have grown up about it. And don't *talk*—she'll hear us."

"I'd no idea it was such a hard hill." Kaisa's face was red; her eyes were wildly excited.

"Do you think they will kill her?" whispered Olga. "Even Sven looked fierce."

"'Twould serve her right."

As they neared the top the women too picked up stout sticks. "Just to help us climb," suggested one, as if ashamed.

"I want no stick," said Olga, but she stopped for a moment with the others. "Oh, look! You can see the river from here—just the place, I believe, where the girl was drowned!"

The men called them again, and by the time they had caught up, the top of the hill was reached. They paused a moment at the edge of the clearing. Young trees had grown so high that they overshadowed the hut. The wind rattled through the leaves in hollow whispers. They saw the hut at last, sagging between the branches. The stovepipe had fallen, but still clung to the rotted shingles. The one window overlooking the river was broken, and had not been repaired.

"It was a poor hut, at best," said the old man. "Let us not be too hard on her."

"Ho!" blustered Eric, swinging around to face the speaker savagely. "You are already weakening, are you?"

A debating silence followed, then the old man decided. "No, she must be driven out."

They made their difficult way through tangled weeds and shrubs to the door, which faced the woods behind.

"You rap," said Black Eric. "One of you, any one."

"Not I." Wise Olaf shook his head. The others shrank back.

"What about *you*?" Silent Sven again challenged the leader. "You—you are afraid to!"

"I am afraid, am I?" he sputtered. He walked unsteadily to the door, his face haggard with fear.

"Everything is silent—silent as the grave," whispered Olga, clinging to her husband's arm, openly afraid.

"What's that?" a startled voice cut in. "Sobbing? Was that sobbing?" A wailing note swept through the trees.

"Hush!"

Black Eric raised his hand. The knob was rusty, the door sunken in. He rapped, feeble at first, his hands trembling like

aspen-leaves. Getting no response but an empty echo from within, he struck his fist heavily against the door. It almost gave way.

"Open the door, Witch!" he cried. "You can't hide from us!"

"Don't be so harsh," begged Olga, her voice the wraith of a whisper. "You will frighten her to death!"

Goaded to desperation, he raised his fist, and gave the door a terrific blow. It fell with a soft thud, the rotted wood crumbling on the floor. He stepped in, the rest following.

A thick carpet of dust lay over everything. No imprint upon it, except some tracks left by wandering rats. A stove, red with rust and warped beyond recognition, stood on one side, supporting an old country metal coffee-pot, filmed with black. Cobwebs hung from the rafters overhead.

At first bewildered, utterly struck dumb, then filled with horror too deep for words, the people looked around the room, its silent pathos striking like icy hands across their consciousness.

"She has not—*lived* here!" Kaisa found her voice first. She stooped and picked up a rusty pan lying beside the stove, and hung it on a bent nail, as though in this small act she found consolation.

"What—what is that—over there?" She pointed to a curtain drawn over an object on one side.

There was a gasp. "Maybe—maybe she is—dead—behind—"

"Dead! You fools!" shrieked Black Eric. "Didn't we just see her?" He staggered to the curtain, grasped it roughly. It fell, a crumpled mass of dust and decayed cloth, disclosing the two built-in bunks, now empty, where Mary and her daughter had slept.

"There, you see! She must be living in the outhouse, the barn. She—she kept the cow there. Let's look for her there—" And he passed over what had been the door, the rest following.

"The grave!" cried the old man. "I remember where it was. Let us look for the grave!"

"Leave the grave alone!" choked Black Eric, his face twitching horribly. "She is out in the barn, I tell you! See, I think she is there!" He pointed a shaking finger to another broken-down hut between the trees.

"We will find the grave," said Sven. "You said it was between the oaks."

(Concluded on page 374)

WILL SHAKESPEARE

A Play of Romantic Invention

By CLEMENCE DANE

CLEMENCE DANE, the English dramatic author of a recent Broadway success, "A Bill of Divorcement," has scored again, in an entirely different accent, with "Will Shakespeare," which, as "an invention," admirably cast and produced by Winthrop Ames, has disarmed those critics who also are Shakespearean students. It is agreed to be a "brilliantly written romance" and "a beautiful spectacle," weakened somewhat "by injudicious cuts in the original manuscript and some feeble acting."

Naturally it is a large order to put adequate words into the mouth of Shakespeare, capably played by Otto Kruger, but Miss Dane has done it with rare delicacy, tact and success. Taking the Shakespeare sonnets and the Henslowe diary, extant in the British Museum, as a basis for her "invention," in which she has put two and two together and has dramatized the Bard of Avon as the victor-victim lover of Mary Fitton (Katharine Cornell), lady in waiting to Queen Elizabeth (Haidee Wright), and as the slayer of Kit Marlowe (Alan Birmingham), his early rival in love and playwrighting.

Here, as Percy Hammond observes, in the New York *Tribune*, "is the great Bard, mad about a dusk lady who is wanton, witty and replete with sex appeal and physical loveliness. Charming as is this Mistress Fitton and satisfying as is this characterization of the man Shakespeare, the performance does not come to the rôle of Shakespeare, but to that of Queen Elizabeth. Heywood Brown, in the New York *World*, expresses the opinion that Shakespeare must have been a more vital figure than he appears in the hands of Otto Kruger. But "we know that Queen Elizabeth looked very like Haidee Wright. . . . Here is a performance so human and so regal that a dynasty might be set up upon it."

In addition to the pronounced excellence of Miss Wright there is a superlative performance by Winifrid Lenihan as Anne Hathaway, early wedded and early deserted wife of Shakespeare. Miss Lenihan appears only in the first scene, but in that time she does so much that she hovers over every succeeding scene.

The play deals with the flight from Stratford of the restless poet and his unpacked heart, with the wild yearning for



"A BELATED ELIZABETHAN"

So Clemence Dane, the English author of "Will Shakespeare," another Broadway success, has been called.

some woman in London that gave birth to the lovelorn play of "Romeo and Juliet" and, by that telescoping and embroidery which is most permissible in those historical plays which have not much history to hamper them, it deals, too, with the slaying of Kit Marlowe (Alan Birmingham) in a tavern brawl. "If," comments Alexander Woollcott, in the *Herald*, "it is Miss Dane's whim to have Mary Fitton herself play the tomb scene at the world premiere of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and if she likes to think that the brawl which killed Marlowe was a brawl with Shakespeare himself—why, only the excessively pedagogical can object. These fancies have helped weave a play that is never feeble and often fascinating." The play is published in book form by the Macmillan Company.

The first curtain discloses Will and Anne (Hathaway) Shakespeare in their cottage at Stratford-on-Avon. He is twenty, she twenty-seven. She is revealed as a shrewish yet appealing wife, vaguely conscious that her young husband is an embryonic genius. She professes a longing to share in his dreams, and her expectations of maternity are forecasted in this bit of introductory dialogue:

SHAKESPEARE. A dream's a bubble, Anne,
and yet a world,
Unsailed, uncharted mine. But stretch
your hand
To touch it—gone! And you have wet
your fingers,
Whilst I, like Alexander, want my
world—
And so I scold my wife.

ANNE. Ever you shut me out!

SHAKESPEARE. How many are there in
this listening room?

ANNE. We two.

SHAKESPEARE. We three.

ANNE. Will!

SHAKESPEARE. Are there not three? And
yet,
Because it is too soon, you shrink from
me,
Guarding your mystery still; so must I
guard
My dreams from any touch till they are
born.

They are interrupted by a voice from the street, followed by the entrance of one Henslowe (John L. Shine), who is conducting a company of London players through the provinces and has had some correspondence with young Shakespeare. Henslowe is introduced to Anne, who inquires if he is a foreigner.

HENSLOWE. Why, yes and no! I'm from Spain, at the moment I have castles there; but my bed-sitting room (a green room, Madonna) is in Blackfriars. As to my means, for I see your eye on my travel stains, I have a bank account, also in Spain, a box office, and the best of references. The world and his wife employ me, the Queen comes to see me, and all the men of genius run to be my servants. But as to whom I am—O Madonna, who am I not? I've played every card in the pack—

ANNE. I fortune-teller too!

Taking the cue, Henslowe reads Shakespeare's palm which, he declares, reveals a bad actor, but a great poet—possibly—were he to go to London. Anne is alarmed by the suggestion and feigns illness. In a panic of apprehension she exits, and her husband soliloquizes:

SHAKESPEARE. O women! women! women!
They slink about you, noiseless as a cat,
With ready smiles and ready silences,
They drive you mad
With fibs and slips and kisses out of
time;
And if you do not trip and feign as they
And cover all with kisses, do but wince
Once in your soul (the soul they shall
not touch,
Never, I tell you, never!)
Then, then all's catlike clamor and annoy!

He confesses to Henslowe his ambition to go to London, but, alas! that he is married. Should he or should he not humor his ambition? Addressing Henslowe:

SHAKESPEARE. What devil sped you here
to bid me choose?
I knew a boy went wandering in a wood,

Drunken with common dew and beauty-mad,
And moonstruck. Then there came a nightshade witch,
Locked hands with him, small hands, hot hands, down drew him,
Sighing—"Love me, love me!" as a ring-dove sighs,
(How white a woman is, under the moon!)

She was scarce human. Yet he took her home,
And now she's turned in the gross light of day
To a haggard scold, and he handfasted sits
Breaking his heart—and yet the spell constrains him.

Henslowe departs, promising the youth a brilliant future in London. Anne reenters and pleads:

ANNE. Will! Let me go with you!

SHAKESPEARE. I tell you—no!

Leave me to go my way and rule my life
After my fashion. I'll not lean on you
Because you're seven years wiser.

ANNE. That, too, O God!

SHAKESPEARE. Oh, if I hurt you, think of me, if you can,

As a man stifled that wildly throws his arms,
Raking the air for room—for room to breathe,
And so strikes unaware, unwillingly,
His lover!

ANNE. I could sooner think of you
Asleep, and I beside you with the child
In quiet graves; for we have been such lovers

As there's no room for in the human air
And daylight side of the grass. What shall I do?

And how live on? Why did you marry me?

SHAKESPEARE. You know the why of that.
You willed it first, not I.

ANNE. Old! Old as Adam; and untrue, untrue!

Why did you come to me at Shottery,
Out of your way, so often? On Sunday eves

You'd wait and walk with me the long way home,
And still delay me, talking at the stile,
Long after curfew, under the risen moon.

Why did you come? Why did you stay with me,

To make me love, to make me think you loved me?

SHAKESPEARE. Oh, you were easy, cheap, you flattered me.

ANNE. (Crying out.) I did not.

SHAKESPEARE. And for a while I liked it.

It fed some weed in me that since has withered.

The second scene is a room in the palace in London ten years later. Henslowe is having an audience with Queen Elizabeth, Present, in the background, is Mary Fitton, a lady in waiting, who is destined to play a tragic part in Shakespeare's life. Henslowe beseeches the queen to receive Shakespeare, declaring him a superior playwright to Kit Marlowe. His request granted, Henslowe retires, followed by the queen, leaving Mistress Fitton. Shakespeare is shown in.

MARY. Hush! Palace walls! Well, Mr. Shakespeare, what's the news?

SHAKESPEARE. Good, bad and indifferent.

MARY. Take the bad first.

SHAKESPEARE. That I have not seen you some five weeks; The good—that I have now seen you some five seconds! The indifferent—that you do not care one pin whether I see you or not for the next five years!

MARY. Who told you that, Solomon?

SHAKESPEARE. I have had no answer to—

MARY. Five letters, seven sonnets, and a roundelay!

SHAKESPEARE. Do you read them?

MARY. Most carefully, Mr. Shakespeare—on Saturday nights! Then I make up my accounts and empty my purse, and wonder—must I pawn my jewels? Then I cry. And then I read your latest sonnet and laugh again.

SHAKESPEARE. You should not laugh.

MARY. Why, is it not meant to move me?

SHAKESPEARE. I tell you such a thought is an immortal jewel

To gild you, living, in men's eyes, and after

To make you queen of all the unjewelled dead.

Eternally I'd deck you, were you my own.

MARY. Well. Jeweller, come, tempt me with immortal necklaces.

Come, purchase me with ornaments divine.

SHAKESPEARE. I love you—

MARY. Well?

SHAKESPEARE. I love you—

MARY. Is that all? Why, that's a common cry,

I hear it daily, like the London cries,
"Old chairs to mend!" or "Sweet, sweet
lavender!"

Is this your string of pearls, sixteen a penny?

SHAKESPEARE. D'you laugh at me? I mean it.

MARY. So do they all.

They mean it, all the hoarse-throat, hungry men

That sell me lavender, that sell me love.

SHAKESPEARE. I do not sell. I put my wares away.

MARY. O pedlar! I had half a mind to buy.

SHAKESPEARE. Too late.

MARY. Open your pack again. What haste!

What, not a trinket left for a poor lady?

SHAKESPEARE. You did not close.

MARY. I will.

SHAKESPEARE. Too late.

MARY. You know your business best;

Yet, what care I?

SHAKESPEARE. Or I? Yet never again

To buy and sell with you. Never again!

MARY. Heigh-ho! I sighed, sir.

SHAKESPEARE. Yes, I heard you sigh.

MARY. At court, sir—

SHAKESPEARE. Yes, they buy and sell

At court. But I know better—give and take!

MARY. (*Evading him.*) What will you give me if I let you take?

SHAKESPEARE. If you will come with me into my mind—

How shall I say it? Still you'll laugh at me!

MARY. Maybe!

SHAKESPEARE. I'll ride you round the world on the back of a dream,

I'll give you all the stars that ever danced

In the sea o' nights,

If you will come into my mind with me,

If you will learn me—know me.

She goes on tantalizing him and provoking jeweled lines of speech. In the end he confides to her his design to write a play about Romeo and Juliet, and he promises to read it to her scene by scene while he is at work on it.

The next scene is in the anteroom of

the theater at the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet," three months later. Mary Fitton and Shakespeare are discovered alone. He declares the play is of her inspiration. She laughs and leaves. The play is a success. There are calls for "author, author," but Shakespeare has had news from Stratford that his son has just died there. He is distraught and refuses to answer the curtain call. Mary Fitton, who has played the rôle of Juliet, enters from the off-stage, breathing quickly, exalted.

MARY. Oh, I faced

The peacock of the world, the eyes, eyes, eyes,

That watched me die of love. Wake me again,

O soul that did inhabit me, O husband
Whose mind I uttered, to whose will I swayed,

Whose self of love I was. Wake me again

To die of love in earnest!

SHAKESPEARE. Mary! Mary!

MARY. I cannot ride this hurricane. I spin

Like a leaf in the air. Die down and let me lie

Close to the earth I am!

Master and quickener, give me love indeed!

The next scene is Shakespeare's lodging. Shakespeare is sitting at a table, a manuscript in his hand. Kit Marlowe, his principal rival as a dramatist, is present, having submitted the manuscript to Shakespeare for criticism. The latter is enthusiastic. Their talk drifts to the subject of Mary Fitton who, Marlowe hypocritically reports, complains of Shakespeare's coldness.

Marlowe goes out. Henslowe enters with news that Shakespeare's new play has been enthusiastically received in the provinces, especially at Stratford. Shakespeare questions his player friend about Stratford in general, and his wife and home in particular. Who was with her?" he asks, when informed that Henslowe had called on her.

HENSLOWE. She was alone.

A child's chair was beside her, but no child.

Only her hands were sleepless.
But when I tapped upon the window-
pane,
Oh, how she turned, and how leaped up!
Her hair fled out behind her in one
flame
As to the door she ran, ran out, wide-
armed,
Calling your name; then—saw me, and
stood still,
So still you'd think she died there,
standing up,
And she stood, with summer round her,
staring—

SHAKESPEARE. Well?

HENSLOWE. I asked her, did she know
me? Yes, she said,
And would I rest and eat?
I could not eat her food.

I told her so. She nodded. Oh, she
knows!

I spoke of you. She listened.

SHAKESPEARE. Questioned you?

HENSLOWE. Never a question. As I
turned to go

I asked her—"Any greeting?" Then she
said,

Lifting her chin as if she sped her
words

Far, far, like pigeons flung upon the air,
"Tell him the woods are green at Shot-
tery,

Fuller of flowers than any wood in the
world."

Said I—"No message, letter?" Then
she said,

Twisting her hands—"Tell him the days
are long.

Tell him—" and suddenly ceased. Then,
with another look.

At some wraith standing by me, not at
me,

Went back into the house and shut the
door.

Presently Henslowe inquires of his
friend how his new play, ordered espe-
cially by Queen Elizabeth, is progress-
ing. Badly, he is informed. Further-
more, that he cannot write to order like
Marlowe, "who writes as nettles grow
or rain comes down."

Henslowe questions Shakespeare
about Marlowe and intimates that the
latter is playing Shakespeare false with
respect to Mary Fitton. Shakespeare
is dumfounded, then in a fury he rushes
out in quest of Marlowe who, he learns,

has gone post-haste to Deptford, a Lon-
don suburb. Shakespeare takes horse
and follows.

The fifth scene is a room at an inn in
Deptford. It is late at night. Marlowe
and several cronies are celebrating.
Mary Fitton, dressed as a boy, enters
in madcap fashion. Marlowe persuades
the others to leave him alone with the
"lad." The name of Shakespeare is
mentioned.

MARY. Oh, Shakespeare.

He was to come to me to-night to tell
me his tragedies and his comedies
and—oh, I yawn! And yet it's some-
thing to be hung among the stars,
something to say—"I was his Juliet!"

MARLOWE. What, you—you Comedy-Kate?

MARY. Why, I'm a woman! that is—
nifty women!

While he played Romeo to my Juliet!

I could be anything he chose. I could
have loved if he had

Taught me loving. O Kit,

You never lit the blaze

I was for half an hour: then—out I
went!

MARLOWE. He stoops o'er the ashes yet.

MARY. But ashes fanned

Fly lighter than a kiss,

And settle where they please! (*She
kisses him*)

Shakespeare enters, unseen by Mar-
lowe and Mary. He discovers himself
to them, and lashes Marlowe with a
whip. In a scuffle, Marlowe, who has
drawn a dagger, trips, falls and is
killed—presumably not by Shakespeare
so much as by accident. Shakespeare,
bewildered, begins to talk distractedly.
Mary musters her woman's wits and
urges that they both escape. There are
mutual recriminations before Mary
makes her escape, followed by Shake-
speare. The room darkens on the body
of Marlowe.

The final scene is a room in the palace
in London. Queen Elizabeth is revealed
in all her flashing majesty. She sends
for Henslowe, who enters and announces
that Marlowe is dead. The queen seems
to be fully informed of the Deptford
episode. Henslowe marvels at her
knowledge.

ELIZABETH. Why, not a keel
 Grounds on the Cornish pebbles, but the
 jar
 Thrills through all English earth home
 to my feet.
 My spies are everywhere. The gulls on
 Thames
 Scream past the Tower "Storm in
 Channel! Storm!"
 And if I hear not, sudden my drinking
 glass
 Rings out "Send help, lest English
 sailors drown!"
 The lantern moon swings o'er unvisited
 towns
 Signalling "Peace!" Or a star shoots
 out of the west
 Across my window, flashing "Danger
 here!"
 The very stones, the echoes of the
 streets,
 Reveal the well, the ill, in my own land.
 I am its eyes, its pulse, its finger-tips,
 The wakeful partner of its married
 soul,
 I know what darkness does, what dawn
 discovers
 In all the English country. I am the
 queen.
 You have done my errand? Shake-
 speare, the player, is with you?

Henslowe goes out with instructions
 to send Shakespeare to the queen who,
 meanwhile, berates Mistress Fitton, de-
 claring imperiously as she banishes the
 latter from court:

"I used you, dirt,
 "To show how foul the dirt can be;
 "But now I brush you from him."

In going out, Mary passes Shake-
 speare and informs him of her disgrace.
 Shakespeare turns to follow her, but
 the door has closed. He struggles to
 open it.

ELIZABETH. Beat, beat your heart out!
 Let me watch you beat
 Your hands against the door until they
 bleed.
 Can you not come at her? She goes—
 beat, beat.
 The distance widens, like a ship she
 goes
 Utterly from you. You who bow men
 with words
 Windily down like corn-fields, where is
 your strength?

She launches into a lengthy speech
 in which she extols England and pic-
 tures herself as its queen and caretaker,
 and concludes by declaring that her life
 and that of her subjects were destined
 to "earn a world for England, paying
 the toll of pioneers." "Have I not
 paid?" Shakespeare demands.

ELIZABETH. Nay, hourly, till you die.
 I tell you, you shall toss upon your bed
 Crying "Let me sleep!" as men cry "Let
 me live!"
 And sleeping you shall still cry "Mary!
 Mary!"
 This will not pass. Think not the sun
 that wakes
 The birds and draws the meadow fog
 like prayer to heaven,
 Shall once forget to wake you with a
 warm
 And kissing breath.
 These are your dawns. I tell you, I
 who know.
 Nor shall day spare you. All your
 prospering years,
 The tasteless honors for yourself—not
 her—
 The envy in men's voices (if they knew
 The beggar that they envied!). All this
 shall stab,
 Stab, stab and stab again. And little
 things
 Shall hurt you so; stray words in books
 you read,
 And jests of strangers never meant to
 hurt you:
 The lovers in the shadow of your fence,
 And oh, the cry of children when they
 play!
 You shall put grief in irons and lock it
 up,
 And at the door set laughter for a
 guard,
 Yet dance through life on knives and
 never rest,
 While England knows you for a lucky
 man.
 You're to be great, God pity you! I
 know—
 Ruling myself and half a world—I know
 What you must learn and learn, and
 shriek to God
 To spare you learning!

By royal command paper and pen are
 provided and the Bard is writing at
 a table when Elizabeth goes out and
 leaves him soliloquizing on the labori-
 ous and loveless years before him.



SHAKESPEARE (OTTO KRUGER) AND ANNE HATHAWAY (WINIFRED LENIHAN) IN THE
PLAY BY CLEMENCE DANE

The wife of the dramatist's youth doesn't say much in the play "Will Shakespeare," but she colors the entire performance.



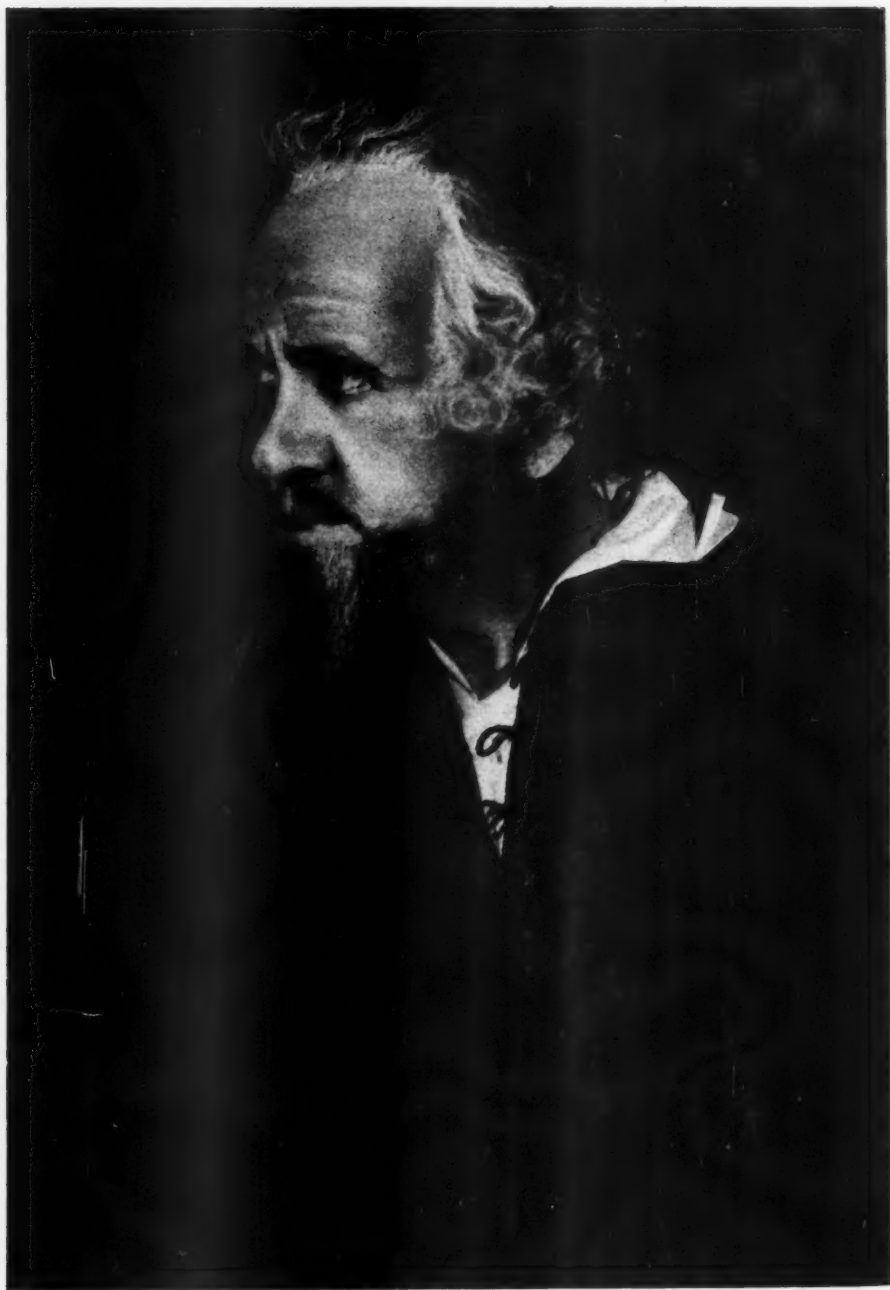
ON THIS HOYDEN, WHO WAS A LADY IN WAITING TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, SHAKESPEARE
BROKE HIS HEART?

Mary Fitton (Katharine Cornell), in the dramatic invention of Clemence Dane, holds the center of the stage and table, while intriguing Kit Marlowe (Alan Birmingham).

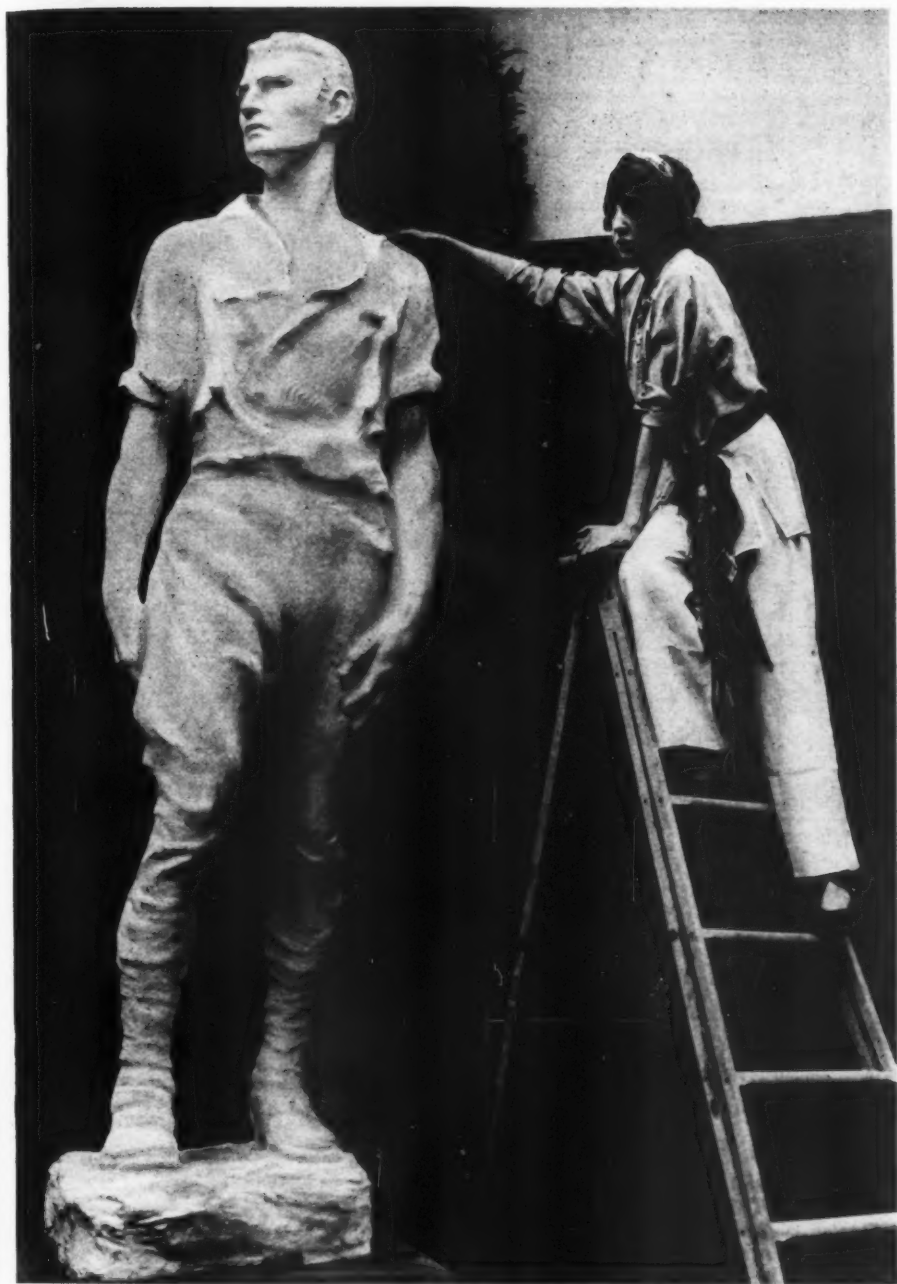


SHAKESPEARE (OTTO KRUGER) SEEKS THE FAVOR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH
(HAIDEE WRIGHT)

She, knowing greatness in the making, exalts the great poet and sentences him to work for the glory of England.



DAVID WARFIELD PLAYS SHYLOCK AS TO THE MANNER BORN
He satisfies a life-long ambition by starring in "The Merchant of Venice" under the direction of David Belasco.



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WAR MEMORIAL COMPLETED BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

This statue of heroic size will stand in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., to commemorate the Fourth Division "buddies" who fell in France.

A CAGED TIGER

In the portrait (to the right) of Mrs. Oliver Carter Macy, Leo Katz has endeavored to symbolize the animal nature which is hidden in us all.



Photos by P. A. Juley

SYMBOLIC PORTRAITURE

Courtesy of Ehrich Galleries

This painting of Mrs. Harrison Smith conveys the idea of the "burning grail" which a few carry in their heart of hearts. It was made by Leo Katz, of Vienna, and has lately been exhibited in New York.



SCENE IN THE MOSCOW ART THEATER PRODUCTION OF "TSAR FYODOR IVANOVITCH" BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL IN THE KREMLIN Showing, in the foreground, the Tsar (Ivan Moskvin), the Tsarina (Olga Krupner-Tshekova), and Boris Godunov (Alexander Vishnevsky) in the famous production brought to America by Morris Gest.



© Morris Gest
ALEXANDER VISHNEVSKY AS THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR BORIS
GODUNOFF
This charter member of the Moscow Art Theater gives a notable performance in Alexei Tolstoy's historical tragedy.



© Morris Gest
OLGA KNIPPER-TCHEKHOVA AS THE TSARINA IRINA IN THE
"TSAR FYODOR IVANOVITCH"
She is the widow of the Russian playwright Tchekhov and leading actress of the Moscow Art Theater production in New York.

THE CLIMAX OF THE RUSSIAN DRAMATIC INVASION

THE arrival of the Moscow Art Theater for a brief season in the United States has been hailed with demonstrations of the most extraordinary enthusiasm. "The public owes a debt of gratitude to Morris Gest, the manager who brought over these Russian players who constitute probably the best stock company in the world," says one critic. "The greatest theatrical event of a generation," says another; and a third caps the climax with "the most important happening in the history of the American stage."

On the other hand, such play producers as John Golden and William A. Brady believe that exaggerated ideas of the Russian players are being spread abroad. Pointing out that the art of the theater is a completely national art, Mr. Golden insists that it "is impossible for performances of great significance and value in Moscow to-day to be of great significance and value in the United States to-day. Even if the players of the Moscow Art Theater company were Americans, speaking English, if they used their present methods they would most emphatically not be great. These methods are not appropriate to American life to-day. They use florid, exaggerated mannerisms; they express every emotion openly and with force. American life to-day is a life of repression, of emotion felt but not outwardly indicated. The Moscow players' methods might have been more appropriate to America as it existed thirty years ago, or they may be appropriate to Russia as it exists to-day. But they are so remote from reality in

New York in 1923 that we have no standards of judgment."

Mr. Brady resents the critics raving about the Moscow company "just because it comes from Moscow" and declares "there are community theaters right here in the United States which are larger, better equipped, and capable of turning out finer performances. The American stage stands second to none in the world in the number of fine artists it has produced, and I defy any foreigner to demonstrate otherwise."

The repertory of the Moscow Theater Company consists of four plays, "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," by Count Alexi Tolstoy, a distant relative of Leo Tolstoy; "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Three Sisters," by Anton Tchekhoff,



CO-FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE MOSCOW ART
THEATER

Around Constantin Stanislavsky is clustered a company of stars of real dramatic magnitude.

and "The Lower Depths," by Maxim Gorky. The Tolstoy play is declared to be the best work of its author.

With it the Moscow Art Theater opened its doors for the first time in 1898 and it has had an important place in the repertory ever since. Richard Mansfield once acted this tragedy. The setting has been made further familiar to New York audiences, through the production of the opera of "Boris Godunov," which might be called the dramatic successor to this play, the scene being laid a few years later. The great Russian bass, Chaliapin, has been singing Boris at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. This play of Tolstoy's gives the reason for the remorse felt by Boris after he became Tsar, as shown in the opera.

The play concerns a good deal of intrigue within the walls of a highly complex court. Fortunately it has aspects much more simple. It is not necessary to follow every turn and twist of the plot. Indeed, the Russians themselves are careless enough of its intricacies to omit several scenes which seem, to a casual reader, more or less vital to the story. The main elements of the play come over rather readily even to the spectator who does not understand the language. We see a well meaning, weak and rather dun-headed Tsar seeking to settle all the crises which arise in his state by compromise. He feels that there need be no irreconcilable differences between any factions if only they will meet occasionally and kiss.

The tragedy concerns the fact that good intentions are of no possible use to any community if they happen to be

weighted down with futility. The rôle of Tsar Fyodor can hardly be beyond the compass of a land where the parlor liberal flourishes in such profusion. As Heywood Brown observes, in the *New York World*, "our hopes and our sympathies go out to Fyodor, but we would bet on Godunov. The children of reaction are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Certainly the interpretation of Ivan Moskvina, who played the Tsar at the opening performance, was crystal clear. The most striking effect which he achieved was the suggestion of a man living in a world a little too bright for his eyes. With every gesture and tone of voice Moskvina builds up the portrait of a man with a capacity for nothing but infinite pain.

But the pride and strength of the Moscow Art Theater reside less in any individual performance than in the thoroughgoing training of the ensemble. It is more than training. Nothing less than inspiration enters into the tiniest rôles.

The costuming of "Tsar Fyodor" is rich and beautiful, and the scenery magnificent. Throughout there is a greater unification and consequent precision than our theater has shown. The *World* critic doubts whether American art in any of its phases has ever developed the team work and organization of the Moscow Art Theater. "To find an American counterpart for Constantin Stanislavsky, the presiding genius of the organization, one must go to an altogether different field of endeavor. It seems to us that Stanislavsky well deserves the title—the Percy Houghton of Moscow."

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE MOVIES

SO much has been said about "what's wrong with the movies" that a pleasurable shock of reassurance emanates from such champions of the silver-screen drama as George Ade and Nina Wilcox Putnam who, in the *New York World* and *Pictorial*

Review, respectively, proceed to tell us "what's right with the movies." Emphasizing the "wrongness" of much motion-picture criticism, Mr. Ade is astonished at the high average of merit of the plays released by the "representative majority" of American releasing

companies, who are "about ten years ahead of their European contemporaries. Anywhere in the United States, Canada, Europe, South America and Australia, four-fifths of the pictures shown have been made in America. Charley, Mary and 'Doug' are as well known in Paris or Buenos Aires as they are in Los Angeles. Why? Because the American pictures, competing in the open, have captured the markets of the world. That is a big fact, too often overlooked."

It is interesting to note that, although the producers of Europe have always had close at hand a lot of natural advantages and a great variety of historical and scenic backgrounds which have been coveted by the American companies, the only real opposition to the Yankee-made "movies" has developed in Germany, since the World War. When the pictures made in Germany began to attract favorable attention the watchful picture magnates of America at once established offices in Berlin and began annexing the valuable parts of the German competition. It is reported that the most popular stars and the most successful directors have been lured away from the depreciated mark by the glitter of the full-sized American dollar.

The thing which has given Mrs. Putnam most faith in the value of the movies is the persistent way in which the public itself keeps on going to them in ever-increasing numbers. She would have us consider the movies in comparison to what the vast majority of people were offered as relaxation in past periods. The worst picture we get to see to-day is a far better entertainment than such sporting events as bear-baiting, with human bait, for example, or later, professional fisticuffs, the occasional village fair, and of extremely late years, cheap vaudeville and the corner saloon.

In fact, she goes on to say, in the *Pictorial Review*, "the more I rack my brain to try and remember what the deuce poor folks, or folks with small but respectable incomes, had as a form of

entertainment before the advent of the 'movies,' the less I can recall any which might justly come under the head of pleasure. Of course, there were nice, healthy walks that could be taken provided you were not too tired after a hard day's work, and occasional holidays when a person could, and usually did loaf. The trade-gilds had their annual outings, and if you stood in right you might get asked to step over with the boys and partake of a snack of roast ox, or something. But if you were in wrong you were out of luck. As far as I can recall in ye rotten old days of yore, there didn't exist a single decent amusement into which average people could buy their way at a price well within their means. There were circuses and eventually wax-works. But imagine going twice a week to the wax-works!

"Of course, the 'movies' are not solely the amusement of the 'bourgeoisee' and ganders. The rich and fashionable are, as usual, sneaking in on a good thing. Well, no matter how heavily they take it up they won't be able to crowd us out. For, after all, the rich are only a very small percentage of the aggregate population, and the total of their entrance fees wouldn't pay the extra's check on one lot for one week. It's the moderately well off and the poor who support the producers, and, believe me, all parties concerned are aware of that little thing! Also, even before prohibition the five-cent 'movie' had become a formidable rival of the five-cent beer. And the fifteen-cent picture-palace is doing even better in its rivalry of the fifty-cent blind tiger."

When this enthusiast thinks of the millions of people in every walk of life who are getting fun out of the pictures—the farmers, the small-townners, the tenement inhabitants of the big cities, the South Sea Islanders, the Eskimos, the Turks and even the Senegambians, who might otherwise never have known what a millionaire's home looked like—she could "positively rush up and kiss somebody for sheer joy!"

LLOYD GEORGE CAMPAIGNS AGAINST FRANCE

WHEN David Lloyd George left office as Premier of England, he declared jauntily, "I am a free man. The burden is off my shoulders, but my sword is in my hand."

The sword, which turns out to be a well-filled fountain-pen, is still in his hand, and is being wielded with devastating effect, not upon foes within the Empire, but foes outside. Lloyd George has buckled on his frock-coat and gone crusading. He has, in fact, turned propagandist, and single-handed he is campaigning against France.

Though he touches on many topics in the articles which he has contributed in the last two months to the *Daily Telegraph* of London and the Hearst newspaper syndicate of America, there is only one topic which fully engages him — the sinful intentions of a France determined to dismember Germany.

Taken singly, and week by week as they appear, these outbursts of a deft and dapper Premier, turned fiery journalist, do not make an overwhelming impression; but, gathered together and stripped of their irrelevancies, they form a weighty indictment of France, and a loud and repeated outcry of warning to mankind against her imperialistic designs.

By January 21st,

when the Gallic cock had dug its spurs into the Ruhr, Lloyd George's invective had become so withering that Lord Burnham, owner of the London *Daily Telegraph*, refused to print the usual weekly article. It would endanger, he said, the future of friendly relations between England and France.

But it was published in other British newspapers and in the United States, and it announced in Lloyd George's most sepulchral tones that France was marching to her doom!

How does it happen that Welsh David, the deadliest enemy Germany had, the man who contributed most to her defeat, should be to-day her most redoubtable protagonist?

It has been urged that this extraordinary activity is occasioned by remembrance that Germany was, and can again be, Britain's best customer, and that, in fighting for her, Lloyd George is fighting for the business interests of England. But in reply it is pointed out that the accusation of commercial motives comes from the same persons who accused England, eight years ago, of commercial motives, when the object was to "destroy" Germany—not to "restore" her.

Of the British public a large section, undoubtedly, will be carried into this new attitude toward France by the former Pre-



© Saturday Review

"THE BURDEN IS OFF MY SHOULDERS BUT MY SWORD IS IN MY HAND"

So Lloyd George is quoted as saying on retiring from the British Prime Ministry.

mier. Though derided and detested in some quarters, Lloyd George is adored in others. He is not the sort of man who leads a forlorn hope. For the moment he may seem to stand alone, "a prophet in the wilderness"; but remember that wherever he goes crowds flock to cheer him, and that whenever he speaks thousands are turned away from the packed halls.

For his present stand the motive is probably somewhat subtler than the politico-commercial motive just mentioned. To begin with, your true Britisher is famous for making a good friend of his enemy. During the past three hundred years it has been a virtually invariable rule of procedure to "whip 'em, and shake hands"! Thus Lloyd George is seen as merely yielding to the demands of time-tested British foreign policy, and bred-in-the-bone tendencies of British character, when he clamors for "sportsmanship" in the treatment of the fallen Teutons, and cries out against "the kicking of a helpless giant."

Yet another deep well-spring and source of British foreign policy has been tapped by France's ever-extending military domination of the Continent. Every one in the tight little island knows that Britain always quarrels with any power which threatens her preponderance in the councils of Europe.

France has made herself the strongest nation on the Continent. She has demanded freedom to build an unlimited quantity of submarines—for use against whom? On the very eve of her Ruhr expedition, she announced the perfecting of a 56-mile gun to be used for "coast defense." Coast defense!—what coast can that refer to save the one which looks across the narrow seas to Dover? In addition, it has recently come to Parliament's pained attention that "France possesses a thousand bomb-dropping airplanes which could, overnight, wipe out the half dozen chief industrial cities of England, and destroy English war-making power at one stroke."

At such junctures as this John Bull has ever found among his gifted sons a spokesman for his defense, and it shall go hard but that spokesman will step forth as defender, not of Britain, but of a helpless, persecuted people somewhere else upon our war-scarred planet.

Whether or not this proves the case with the present protests of David Lloyd George, here he is, at any rate, wielding a superb broadsword of argument and calamitous prophecy against the late Ally, and on behalf of "prostrate" Germany.

It is worth while to study his utterances in some detail.

About the middle of December David Lloyd George opened up with his first "broadside" of heavy guns, denouncing France's aims and begging America and England to stand firm against her. He said:

There was a strong party in France which urged M. Clemenceau to demand that the Rhine should be treated as the natural frontier of their country and that advantage should be taken of the overwhelming defeat of Germany to extend the boundaries of France to that fateful river. For unknown centuries it has been fought over and across—a veritable river of blood.

If French Chauvinism had its way this time, the Rhine would, within a generation, once more overflow its banks and devastate Europe.

The most moderate and insidious form this demand took was a proposal that the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine should remain in French occupation until the treaty had been fulfilled.

That meant forever. The reparations alone—skilfully handled by French diplomats—would preclude the possibility of ever witnessing fulfillment of the treaty.

* * *

The German provinces of the left bank of the Rhine are intensely German in race, language, tradition and sympathies. There are seventy millions of Germans in Europe. A generation hence there may be a hundred millions.

They will never rest content as long as millions of their fellow countrymen are under a foreign yoke on the other side of the Rhine, and it will only be a question

of time and opportunity for the inevitable war of liberation to begin.

We know what the last war was like. No one can foretell the terrors of the next. The march of science is inexorable, and wherever it goes, it is at the bidding of men whether to build or to destroy.

Is it too much to ask that America should in time take an effective interest in the development along the Rhine?

A week later, while the storm of criticism this aroused was still raging, Lloyd George substantiated his accusations with a bill of particulars, from which the salient passages follow:

On the 19th of April, 1919, there appeared in the *London Times* an interview with Marshal Foch. From that interview I take these salient passages:

"And now, having reached the Rhine, we must stay there," went on the Marshal very emphatically. "Impress that upon your fellow countrymen. It's our only safety. We must have a barrier. We must double lock the door.

"Democracies like ours which are never aggressive must have strong natural frontiers. Remember that these seventy millions of Germans will always be a menace to us. Do not trust appearances of the moment. Their natural characteristics have not changed in four years.

"Fifty years hence they will be what they are to-day."

* * *

He expounded his doctrine in greater detail in an official memorandum which he submitted to M. Clemenceau as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies: "To stop enterprises towards the west of this nation—everlastingly warlike and covetous of the good things belonging to other peoples only recently formed and pushed on to conquest by force, regardless of all rights and by ways most contrary to all law, seeking always mastery of the world, Nature has only made one barrier—the Rhine. This barrier must be forced on Germany. Henceforth the Rhine will be the western frontier of the Germanic peoples."

* * *

Had the plan been adopted it would have been a blunder and a crime for which not France alone but the world would have paid the penalty later on.

Here is the New Year's greeting he sent to France by way of the newspapers:

The debate in the French Chamber on reparations is not encouraging. The only difference of opinion in the discussion was that displayed between those who advocated an advance into the Ruhr and seizure of pledges further in German territory, and those who preferred "developing" the left bank of the Rhine.

Occupying, controlling, developing, annexing—they all mean the same thing, that the province to the left bank of the Rhine is to be torn from Germany and grafted on France.

There is no peace in this talk. It is a sinister note on which to end the pacific music of 1922. You must interpret it in connection with another event of 1922—the Russo-German agreement.

Since, then, Chicherin—the spirit of mischief incarnate—has almost made Berlin his abode. The men who are devoting their ingenuity to devising new torments for Germany are preparing new terrors for their own and their neighbors' children.

Having thus committed himself against France, Lloyd George would hardly go to Cannes, in the south of France, for his usual year-end vacation during the Parliamentary recess. Instead, he took ship for Algeciras, a Spanish seaport resort near Gibraltar. Thence, on January 20th, he cabled this scarifying castigation of the French invasion of the Ruhr:

France has once more jumped on the prostrate form of Germany, and the sabots have come down with a thud that will sicken the heart of multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic whose friendship for France stood the losses and griefs of a four years' war.

Germany having been overthrown and disarmed after a prodigious effort involving a strain upon the combined strength of America, Italy and the whole British Empire, as well as France, and her arms bound with the thongs of a stern treaty, the process of dancing upon her while she is down can at any time now be performed with complete impunity by any one of these Powers alone.

The spectacle every time it is repeated provides much satisfaction to those who indulge in the barren delights of revenging the memory of past wrongs. There is, no doubt, some joy for the unsportsman-like mind in kicking a helpless giant who once maltreated you, and who, but for the assistance of powerful neighbors, would have done so a second time.

It is not without significance, now Germany is being trampled upon for what the American representative in Paris termed her technical default, to recollect that between the expense of army occupation and contributions already made toward reparations Germany has already paid the Allies three times the amount of the total exacted by Bismarck in 1870.

This is without making any allowance for the vast and highly developed colonies which she surrendered. Let, therefore, no one approach this problem as if they were dealing with a recalcitrant country that was deliberately refusing to acknowledge any of her obligations under the treaty which she has signed.

The featherheaded scribes who have advocated this rash policy assume France will be helped because Germany will thus be reduced to impotence. For how long?

... Frenchmen still hanker after the days when the Saxons and Bavarians and Wurttembergers were allies and almost vassals of France against Prussia. That was the lure that led the third Napoleon to his ruin. It is the attraction which is now drawing France once more toward a sure doom.

* * *

... Nothing can keep Germans permanently apart. They will at the suitable moment reunite under more favorable conditions, freed from external as well as internal debt. France will have lost her reparations and only retained the hatred of an implacable foe who has become more redoubtable than ever. . . .

Sooner or later, probably much later, we shall learn whether Lloyd George, in this denunciation of France's Ruhr policy, is a prophet and seer, or merely an alarmist politician with a grudge against England's great Ally. For the present, the gay, imperturbable, pink-cheeked Welshman is being "stoned" with criticism and abuse abroad and at home, quite as if he were a veritable prophet!

"NEW" MARVELS ARE UNEARTHED IN EGYPT

"Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

SO mused Hamlet, little dreaming that mummified bodies of Egyptian Caesars, deceptively lifelike in shape after thousands of years, were hidden away in superbly appointed funeral chambers in the hills behind Luxor.

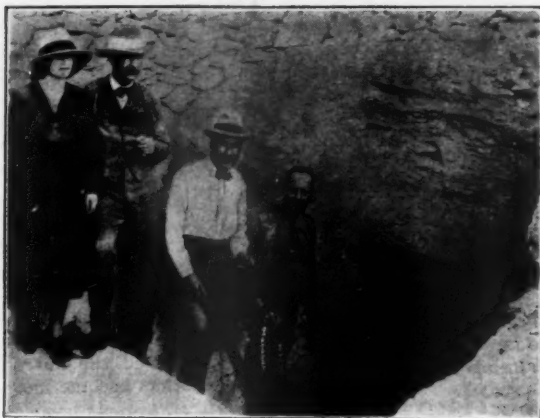
Hamlet's imagination might indeed "trace the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole,"—but no such fate befell the fleshly integument of Egypt's Pharaohs in their magnificent sarcophagi.

Centuries before Hamlet, the soldier-moralist, Marcus Aurelius, had lamented after the same fashion: "Mark how fleeting and paltry is the estate of

man, yesterday in embryo, to-morrow a mummy or ashes." And he added, "Deem not life a thing of consequence. For look at the yawning void of the future, and at that other limitless space, the past."

Amenhotep and Ramessu and Tutankhamen *did* look at "the yawning void," and ordered their slaves to embalm their remains to endure through it, and to stock their tombs with food and drink and all things needful for comfort and recreation while the future was becoming "that other limitless space, the past."

They defied time. They surrendered to death only on their own conditions. They took with them into the grave the treasures which they had laid up "on this earth where moth and rust doth



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ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF KING TUTANKH-AMEN
Lord Carnarvan and Howard Carter are the second and third
figures from the left. The others are Lady Evelyn Herbert
and B. Callender

corrupt and thieves break thorow and steale." And one at least among them, Tutankh-amen ("Living Image of Ammon," the god), was still surrounded after nearly 3,300 years by all his possessions when Howard Carter, American artist and Egyptologist, discovered him. True, it is thought that "metal thieves" shortly after Tutankh-amen's death may have cursorily searched the chambers of the "hypogeum," but nothing of importance is missing from the dazzling panoply with which the king descended to the nether world.

Perhaps it will be thought by some that an archaeologist who discovers and preserves for the curious scholarly gaze of future generations the treasure and the off-shuffled mortal coil of royalty, is little better than a thief when he breaks into a funeral hiding place and carries off to museums and libraries the golden beds, statues, be-jewelled thrones, funeral baked meats, alabaster vases, robes, inlaid boxes, scepters, crowns and chariots, and other properties, together with his mummified dust. But the whole world is the richer for the theft, if it can be called such, and even the proud heart of a Pharaoh would be pleased with the reverence which is shown his remains.

Within the past hundred years the hunt for buried treasure in upper Egypt has brought to light the tombs of all the important Pharaohs except Tutankh-amen. Theodore M. Davis, a wealthy American archaeologist, financed the search for five or six of the ones most recently excavated, and Howard Carter was his field director. Originally a water color painter, Mr. Carter learned to decipher the hieroglyphs of the ancient Egyptians, and also to speak the languages and local dialects of modern Egypt, in order to direct his diggers. But after many years of search for the tomb

of Tutankh-amen, Mr. Davis gave back his concession to the Egyptian government, and following a brief interval, Carter persuaded George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert, fifth Earl of Carnarvon, and owner of 36,000 English acres, to subsidize the further quest, which now is rewarded by the "greatest find in the history of archaeology."

The excitement which accompanied this discovery is contagiously set forth in an interview with Lord Carnarvon printed in the *London Times*:

"We reached a sealed door or wall bearing the same seals as in the case of the former one. We wondered if we should find another staircase, probably blocked behind this wall, or whether we should get into a chamber. I asked Mr. Carter to take out a few stones and have a look in. After a few minutes this was done. He pushed his head partly into the aperture. With the help of a candle he could dimly discern what was inside. A long silence followed, until I said, I fear in somewhat trembling tones, 'Well, what is it?' 'There are some marvelous objects here,' was the welcome reply.

"Having given up my place to my daughter, I myself went to the hole, and I could with difficulty restrain my excitement. At the first sight, with the inadequate light, all that one could see was what appeared

to be gold bars. . . . We enlarged the hole and Mr. Carter managed to scramble in—and then, as he moved around with a candle, we knew we had found something absolutely unique and unprecedented. Even with the poor light of the candle one could see a marvelous collection of furniture and other objects in the chamber. There were two life-sized statues of the king, beds, boxes of all sizes and shapes—some with every sort of inlay while others were painted—walking sticks, marvelous alabaster vases, and so on. . . .”

The man or woman, probably, does not live who does not feel the romance of this successful hunt for ancient treasure. Even Captain Kidd's sunken galleon of Spanish gold would not present a more alluring appearance.

Amid the acclaim with which the news was received by the press of the world there was struck a note of sympathy for Tutankh-amen, thus rudely disturbed in his long sleep. The editor of the *London Outlook* takes high and solemn purview of the matter, and his remarks will find a responsive echo in many quarters. “It may be necessary to remove the articles of value which have been found in the tomb; it may, even, be necessary to disturb or examine the body. Let it be so, if it must. But let there be no public exhibition of King Tutankh-amen. Science may look into the tomb with a measure of justification, but there is no

good reason for exposing it to all the world at the price of sixpence a peep. Name it how you will, this is a man's death and rest; in this place, we know and can guess at no other finality; if we degrade and belittle it, we belittle and degrade ourselves. To bring Tutankh-amen from his tomb is, perhaps, so remote a wrong to the dead that we may persuade ourselves that he would forgive it. But to exhibit him to the unarchaeological gaze of gapers in museums is to harm ourselves and to make a mockery of life's ultimate reticence and security in an age when nothing is sacred and little is safe.”



Photo by Lord Carnarvon

DISTURBING THE DUST OF CENTURIES IN THE VALLEY OF KINGS

Excavation beneath the tomb of Thothmes III., where the remains of an unfinished tomb were found after removing thousands of tons of debris.

ARE CHANGING CONVENTIONS MEN- ACING THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION?

CRITICISM of marriage is as old as marriage itself. It changes, however, from year to year, and is now assuming unwonted proportions. Its tendency at the present time is in the direction indicated, years ago, by the Swedish feminist, Ellen Key, when she said, "Love without marriage is moral, but marriage without love is immoral," and has lately been emphasized by the erection in France of a monument, "To the Unmarried Mother." In England and in America it has taken the form of animated newspaper discussions looking toward a fundamental alteration of marriage laws.

The two most prominent of recent American critics of marriage have been Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Domestic Relations Court in Denver, and Mrs. Almon Hensley, student of sociology and former president of the New York

Mothers' Club. Both disclaim a belief in free love, but both regard "free unions" sympathetically, and both affirm that changing conventions are preparing the way for a new and revolutionary sex ethics.

Judge Lindsey has stated flatly (in an interview in the *New York Times*) that "as a social institution marriage has failed," and has offered the following statistics in support of his statement:

"We have got to face the most serious social problem of modern times. Do you know that for every marriage in Denver during 1922 there has been a separation? For every two marriage licenses issued there has been a divorce suit filed. And what makes the tragedy so alarming is that what is true of Denver is true of every city in this country. What statistics prove of the West will hold good for the East. There is one thing we cannot get away from and that is the oneness of the American people.

"Think of it—in the last four years the marriage and divorce ratio has changed from four to one to two to one. These statistics show the number of separations arising from non-support and desertion which have come under the observation of my own Domestic Relations Court. Up to December 16, 1922, in the city and county of Denver, 2,908 marriage licenses were issued and 1,492 divorce cases filed. That makes the divorces 49.5 per cent. of the marriage licenses. Now add to these my own figures, recording 1,500 cases of separation, and it makes the number almost 3,000—2,992, to be exact. Allowing an estimate of fifty cases for the remaining days of December, that would bring the divorces up to 1,542, compared with the 1,497 of 1921. And even allowing 100 marriages of those same remaining days, the marriage licenses granted in 1922 for Denver would be 3,008, compared to the 3,626 of 1921. The increase in divorces was 45. The decrease in marriages was 618."

When asked why marriage has failed, the Judge replied: "Marriage is a fail-



A CHAMPION OF MARRIAGE

Judge Joseph Sabath, of the Domestic Relations Court in Chicago, so far from endorsing the idea that marriage is a failure, affirms his conviction that the chief trouble with marriage is that "there isn't enough of it."

ure because of changing conventions, and the conventions are changing because marriage is a failure." As factors making for these changes he spoke of the growing realization of young men and women that marriage is a failure. "Youth instinctively shuns anything savoring of lack of success." He also mentioned the economic independence of women, and specified as the most significant reason for the present situation "the broadening view-point of the present generation: its refusal to recognize as sin what convention has heretofore established as such." The whole thing, as he put it, is coming to a recognition of two standards—one that is and the other that is to be.

"And what is to be?" inquired the interviewer.

"That people may live together without being married in the conventional way," rang out the Judge's reply.

"You approve of this?"

"It is not a question of what I approve, but what is going to be. It is not a question of my approval, but what the failure of conventions has brought about."

Judge Lindsey went on to advocate "respect for people who love each other, although unmarried," "the right of the child to be born," and "recognition of the child of the unmarried mother." He met the question, "What is to become of the child, according to your theories of unconventional mating?" in the following way:

"You seem to assume that the child is all right under the conventional marriage state. Let me assure you that marriage is not a guarantee for the future of a child. It is not even a guarantee of a father, because of the fathers separating from the mothers.

"In a recent survey of a typical American city, 32 per cent. of legitimate children in a school had no father at home. These children were being brought up under artificial paternity. Please do not misunderstand me and think that I would abolish marriage. Far from it. But we must face a vital situation. Will we not be forced to the recognition—for the child's sake—of another standard?"



A JUDGE WHO SYMPATHIZES WITH "FREE UNIONS"

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Domestic Relations Court in Denver, declares that the "failure" of marriage has made unconventional mating inevitable.

Mrs. Almon Hensley's views, as featured in the *New York American*, and discussed by a score of playwrights, novelists and publicists, are in harmony with Judge Lindsey's sentiments, and embody a definite program. She thinks, as he does, that "there is no reason why an unmarried mother should be ostracized," and she predicts, within fifty years, a marriage contract "as easily entered into and as readily dissolved as the ordinary business agreement." She outlines her program as follows:

"I advocate uniform and easier divorce laws. Our present State laws present a situation that is bewildering and farcical. One may be married in one State, a free man in another and a bigamist in a third.

"Constant nagging is better justification

for divorce, in my mind, than misconduct. "In case of divorce the mother should have the preference of having the children up to seven years.

"Children of seven and over should make their own choice of which parent they desire to live with.

"Besides the clauses relative to the children, a marriage contract should also contain:

"Mutual promise of absolute fidelity.

"Courtesy and good temper should be shown.

"Whenever a separation is desired by either party because of loss of love it is to be granted with the right of remarriage.

"I can conceive of a home, not an institution, where small groups of children, cared for by a motherly, intelligent and loving woman, married or unmarried, could be happy and wholesomely reared."

Against the subversive views of Judge Lindsey and Mrs. Almon Hensley should be set the attitude taken by Joseph Sabath, Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, in an interview with Charles W. Wood published recently in the *New York World*. Judge Sabath has tried about 6,500 divorce cases in his time. He has presided over the Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago. And so far from conceding that marriage is a failure, he records it as his deliberate judgment that the chief trouble with marriage is that "there isn't enough of it."

Judge Sabath's advice to the very young man and the very young woman generally is to get married and to get married soon. As he puts it:

"Don't wait until you are in good circumstances financially. If you do, the chances are you will be waiting until you are in very bad circumstances spiritually. Marriage is the union of two lives, and the best time for two lives to fuse is before they have become so set in their individual ways that growing together becomes difficult. There are occasional persons who should not get married. There are certain conditions which society should insist upon before allowing any marriage to be consummated. But marriage should not be 'made more difficult.' It should

be looked upon as the normal course of life for every normal person. And the time to begin it is in youth.

"I don't believe that people should wait until they are financially comfortable, for two reasons. In the first place, putting off marriage until one is twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five imposes a period of single cussedness upon the individual. Secondly, it means that such a person is looking at marriage from an altogether wrong angle. He is looking upon it as an investment which must, above everything, be safe.

"Marriage isn't an investment. It's an adventure. It's an adventure which every live soul is entitled to have."

The great need of the time, according to Judge Sabath, is more education as to what marriage is. He is strongly in favor of doing everything possible to discourage hasty marriages. He believes that the State should have something to say about the physical condition of applicants, and is not opposed to medical examination.

In the matter of divorce, he feels that our laws should be at once more liberal and more strict.

"We can hardly expect that all marriages will stick; but laws designed to limit divorce often defeat their own aims. The New York law, for instance, which grants divorce only on the ground of adultery, and prohibits it even then if it is found that there is any collusion between the parties, seems actually to cause more frame-ups than it prevents. There are six grounds for divorce in Illinois. Whether all six should be adopted by all the States is not, however, so important as that all the States should have the same laws concerning divorce."

The conclusion of Judge Sabath's argument is that the law cannot guarantee happiness in marriage. The married individuals must go after it. They must learn what marriage is. They must learn its technique. They must learn how to play the game. "The law may deal with the legal contracts involved, but only systematic education is able to deal with the more important factors involved."

THE RELIGION OF FREEDOM EX- POUNDED BY DR. GRANT

A REFORMATION within the Christian Church, "greater even than the Protestant Reformation," has lately been predicted by the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, of the West Side Unitarian Church, New York, as a result of the present increase of "heresy." Mr. Potter was thinking, when he made this prediction, of the conflict between Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and Bishop Manning, but he also cited Dr. A. Wakefield Slatten, who recently was ousted from the Baptist William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo.; the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, who was retired by the Methodist Bishop, Homer C. Stuntz; the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, whose "Confessions of an Old Priest" has caused something of a scandal in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who has been repeatedly attacked for his sermons in the First Presbyterian Church, New York.

Without going so far as to indorse Mr. Potter's prediction, there are clergymen of all denominations throughout the land who are looking to Dr. Grant as to a leader and who confess that they share his views. Dr. Grant has behind him the *Churchman*, the weekly organ of his denomination in New York; and leading members of his congregation in the Church of the Ascension are discussing the possibility of detaching this church from the parent body and of thus winning the kind of freedom that John Haynes Holmes and the Community

Church won when they seceded from the national Unitarian organization.

For years past, Dr. Grant has been a thorn in the flesh of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Most men grow more conservative as they grow older. Not so Dr. Grant. He is always exploding some kind of spiritual dynamite. In 1910 he scandalized the more conservative of his parishioners by inviting the Socialist, Alexander Irvine,



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THE LEADER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL
REVOLT

Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York, is sixty-three years old and has been in conflict with three successive bishops of his diocese.

to preach regularly at the Church of the Ascension. In 1920 he boldly denounced the United States Government for deporting Anarchists and Bolsheviks on the *Buford*. His views on divorce and the announcement of his engagement to Mrs. Philip Lydig, a *divorcée*, have been two further causes of offense to the orthodox; while his Sunday evening "forums" in his parish-house and sometimes in his church have led to still further criticism, on account of the radicalism of some of those who took part in the discussions.

Dr. Grant not only stands on his record, but reaffirms it, and in one of the most widely-discussed of his recent sermons has spoken with regret of the discontinuation of these forums. If it be a fact, he says, as his Bishop has told him, that the "consecration" of his church unfits it for public meetings, then so much the worse for the consecration! There are 234,000 churches and synagogues in the United States. They represent three billion dollars in tax-exempt property, and, in return for the remission, owe a debt to the community which, in Dr. Grant's opinion, they have not paid. How better can this debt be paid than by throwing open the church plants to public discussions of political and economic problems? "Let's stop consecrating churches," Dr. Grant exclaims, "if that prevents them from being forums. Whatever faults you may perceive in such a use of the church, you cannot suggest anything better."

Proceeding, in this sermon, to criticize the theory, held by Roman Catholics and by high churchmen in the Episcopal Church, that "through what is called the

apostolic succession a line of bishops unbroken from Christ to Bishop Manning . . . have received miraculous powers from Jesus Christ, who received them from God," Dr. Grant makes the affirmation:

"Now, of course, very few clergymen to-day who have been educated in the large universities—by which I mean places where science as well as classics and mathematics is taught—accept the idea that Jesus had the power of God. He doubtless did miracles, as they were regarded in His day, but, as M. Coué points out, many of them were acts of auto-suggestion, and would fall under well-known categories clearly and well classified by psychologists to-day. Science understands them. They are not miracles."

The same sermon contains the following reference to the sacraments of the Church:

"Take the matter of marriage, baptism, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, extreme unction, etc. Anybody can see advantages in high relationships from giving them the general atmosphere of nobility, of expectation, of high vision; but, again, if we clearly understand that priests have no power to make marriage more than it is, its sacredness, we perceive, comes not from a priest, but from its essential characteristics, which have to do with the attitude and lives of the people involved, and cannot be preserved as something independent of their feeling, will and behavior."

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary: Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: The holy Catholic Church: The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins: The Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting. Amen.

It was this sermon that brought Dr. Grant into direct conflict with Bishop Manning and that may conceivably lead to his withdrawal or expulsion from the Protestant Episcopal Church. In a 1,000-word letter published in the newspapers and endorsed

by many of the clergy, the Bishop called upon Dr. Grant to recant his views, or resign from his position, or face a heresy trial. As the Bishop put it:

"The impression which you have given to the Church and to the public is that you deny the miraculous elements of the Gospel and that you no longer believe the statement of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed. The Apostles' Creed is the statement of the Christian faith which not only every minister, but every member of this Church, is required to accept. As a minister of this Church you are obliged constantly and publicly to declare your belief in it.

"At your ordination you were asked publicly and solemnly, 'Will you then give your faithful diligence always so to minister the doctrine and sacraments and the discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same, according to the Commandments of God, so that you may teach the people committed to your care and charge with all diligence to keep and observe the same?' To this question you replied, 'I will so do, by the help of the Lord.' If you cannot now conscientiously accept and teach the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed, it is plain that you cannot consistently continue to hold your commission as a minister and teacher in the Protestant Episcopal Church."

In replying to the Bishop Dr. Grant asserted that he could not love God with his mind and at the same time believe that the laws of nature were violated. The question involved was not one of

SOME OF DR. GRANT'S AFFIRMATIONS

VERY few clergymen to-day who have been educated in the large universities accept the idea that Jesus had the power of God.

Consecration of churches is a custom inherited from the age of witchcraft, magic and taboo.

Priests have no power to make marriage more than it is. Its sacredness comes not from a priest, but from its essential characteristics, which have to do with the attitude and lives of the people involved.

A good many people do not seem to understand the Church. They think of it as a kind of club. If you don't like its constitution and by-laws you get out. The Church isn't like this. It's like the state. You are born into the Church just as you are born into the state. Just because you cannot be a Democrat or a Republican you do not have to get out of the state. One of the most valuable things about the state is the number of good things which come out of a clash of interests.

the power of God. It was simply a matter of evidence. Dr. Grant declared that he was not helped, either in his inner life or in his preaching, by affirming that Jesus Christ, in utter defiance of the law of gravitation, walked upon water as upon a solid floor. The New Testament, Dr. Grant pointed out, was written in an age in which evidence, sequence, causation were almost wholly unknown. When he came to a consideration of the Apostles'

Creed, Dr. Grant reviewed the ancient belief in Hell as a cavern in the middle of the earth, and went on to comment: "I am as sure as that I am writing these words that there is no such place at a given depth below the surface of the earth, to which the spirits of men go after death. Christ did not go there, for the place does not exist."

Dr. Grant reasserted, in the same letter, his belief that Christ could not be co-equal with God. "If while on earth He possessed the power of God, could He—to mention but a single illustration—have prayed to God?" But the idea that Jesus is "the Portrait of the Invisible God, the perfect revelation of the Heavenly Father" was heartily indorsed. The man who believed in the supremacy of love believed in the divinity of Christ. Dr. Grant could say *ex animo*, with St. Paul, that "the Lord (i. e., the Christ of experience) is the Spirit"; and he added the conclusion of St. Paul's sentence: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

THE REAL REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION

WE HAVE heard a great deal of the rising tide of color and of the revolt of the under-man against the present social order, but there is a deeper revolt under way, according to the editor of the *Century Magazine*. It is directed against our entire Western civilization and is inspired not so much by a hatred of the white man's power as by an utter disbelief in the white man's philosophy of life. There are Englishmen (such as G. Lowes Dickinson and Bertrand Russell) who have written books in sympathy with this attitude, and there are Americans who share their view.

The most dramatic manifestation of the revolt is the Gandhi movement in India, but it exists elsewhere, as Nathaniel Peffer points out in an article in the *Century*. It represents a spreading disenchantment with white superiority. "A reaction," Mr. Peffer says, "has set in against the blind worship, the avid imitation, and the gulping of everything Western just because it is Western that had characterized the younger generation of the colored races. The reaction had begun at least a decade ago, longer ago in India, but was caught up, given form, and articulated by the World War. The war revealed the West naked of pretenses. It marked a turning point in the attitude of the non-white peoples towards the white, and therefore in the relations between them."

Mr. Peffer admits that in the matter of scientific invention the civilization of America far surpasses that, let us say, of China. We have built mighty skyscrapers, factories and machines. We can fly; travel in railways and motorcars; telephone and telegraph; use wireless. But have all our inventions really added to the sum of our happiness? Are Americans any happier than Chinese?

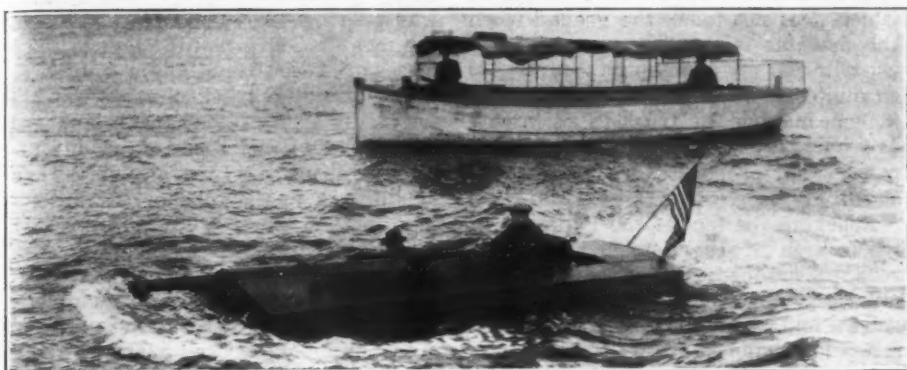
The answer to both of these questions would seem to be negative. The

Chinaman working at his craft does not envy the American factory-worker. Mr. Peffer says: "If I were a Hindu, a Turk, an Egyptian, a Chinese, or a Siberian, I should inoculate my social system against industrialism as I should against the plague. What has been paid for material benefits I have been trying to suggest: absorption in quantity and size, outraging of instincts by the fierce drive of machinery, standardization, the drugging of personality, and the slaying of beauty."

It is Mr. Peffer's conviction, based on long residence in the East, that cultured colored men regard the white man as both brutal and hypocritical. They attribute the brutality to his materialism and the hypocrisy to his religion, and they have never known the meaning of true Christianity. They may have to yield to his industrialism; its march is seemingly irresistible, the inexorable process of evolution; but they do not want to yield, and, in Mr. Peffer's view, they may refuse to. He writes:

"Of the economically backward peoples those with the most marked cultural identity have much sturdier powers of resistance than is commonly believed. The power of passive resistance alone is underestimated by Occidentals. Even if it be true that they must yield willingly or under compulsion, that states a question and not a conclusion. Which of the two it will be is, I think, the most important question confronting the world now. On the answer turns the future relations of the white and colored races, and whether there will be peace or recurrent wars in the next hundred years. The question is for the white nations, the great Occidental powers, to answer. But the question cannot be intelligently faced or an intelligent answer reached as long as we obscure our minds with the self-delusion that ours alone is the way of light, that there is no civilization but ours, and that resistance to our concept of life is blasphemy or barbarism."

A TANK THAT DOES NEARLY EVERYTHING BUT FLY



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THE AMPHIBIOUS TANK CROSSING THE HUDSON RIVER

Invented by Walter Christie and built by the United States Mobile Ordnance Manufacturers, it promises to revolutionize modern warfare.

AN amphibious tank which is as much at home in the Hudson River or clambering up the Palisades as it is on Riverside Drive is an invention after the heart of H. G. Wells. It has the capabilities of the early reptilian monsters which he so sympathetically describes and the possibilities of working destruction more effectively even than the engine of war pictured in his novels. The only transportation qualities it lacks are the ability to fly and the power to burrow in the earth like a mole.

The machine is the invention of Walter Christie, former driver of racing automobiles and designer of gasoline motors. Its recent demonstration in New York and New Jersey, via the Hudson, was attended by representatives of the War and Navy Departments and members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers who are reported, in

the *Mid-Week Pictorial*, to have been deeply impressed by the performance.



© Wide World Photos

OUT OF THE RIVER AND UP THE PALISADES

Donning its "land legs" after "swimming" 2 miles in 45 minutes, this new machine further impressed War and Navy Department experts by climbing the Palisades.

It is another revolutionizing factor in modern warfare.

The vehicle itself looks like a combination tank and truck. It has six sets of double wheels, the rear set of which does not touch the ground when the machine is running on a highway as a truck. When rough country is encountered a caterpillar tread is attached, making the truck to all intents and purposes a tractor. To make it a power-boat, propellers are attached to shafts at the rear.

Reaching the foot of the Palisades in the course of the demonstration, we read, the mechanics adjusted the caterpillar treads with their great iron spikes and the truck, now a tractor, rolled and bumped its way along until it came to a 40 per cent. slope up the cliffs. As the treads slipped and spun in the earth, softened to mud by recent rainfall, the truck-tractor slewed around and a gasp went up from the crowd.

"Look out, she's going to fall into the

river," yelled a voice, and there was a general scattering.

The field gun pointed almost straight up to the sky; the steel-clad vehicle slowly pushed its way up. The exhaust was roaring like a machine gun and the men on board had to cling to their places to keep from falling out backward. But the truck climbed the hill for a distance of perhaps a hundred feet, when a level space of ground offered a chance to turn around. Then it slid back to the road at the water's edge.

The rest seemed almost tame. The machine simply bumped over a four-foot stone parapet to the edge of the water, where propellers were affixed in five minutes. It then pushed its way into the water, caterpillar treads aiding propellers until the depth became too great, and started for the New York shore. The river here is nearly two miles wide. Bucking a strong ebb tide, the tractor crossed in about forty-five minutes.

ASTONISHING CHANGES OF SEX IN THE OYSTER

DR. J. H. ORTON, senior naturalist to the British Marine Biological Association, and Dr. R. Spärck, working at the Danish Biological Station at Limfjord, appear to have determined the very remarkable and long-disputed changes of sex in the oyster. The edible oyster is first a male, then a female, then quickly becomes a male again. This alteration goes on indefinitely unless it is interrupted by the common fate of edible oysters. The rate of change, moreover, depends to a considerable degree on temperature.

The oyster, we read in the *London Times*, either has never possessed, or more probably has discarded, the usual trappings of sex. There is a single genital gland and a single duct. At one time male cells are produced and discharged into the sea-water in clouds.

At another time egg-cells are produced and are fertilized by male cells drawn in from the surrounding water. There is no difference in the external appearance of the oyster in its male and female phases, although, if the shellfish be opened, microscopical examination of the sexual gland shows the difference between the minute mobile sperm cells and the large inactive egg cells.

Dr. Orton describes how one individual oyster settled down from its larval life some time after June 9, 1921; it became sexually mature and spawned as a male in that year. On July 3 the same individual had spawned as a female, and was carrying thousands of young; but by July 18 it was again sexually mature and ready to spawn as a male. This observation was made by shell-boring and tapping, operations from which the subject recovered.

The age at which breeding begins has been much disputed, and the Danish observer attributes the difference of opinion to the observations having been made in different regions. Those who get their material from Southern France have maintained that breeding took place at an early age; students of the oysters of northern Europe have found breeding oysters to be older. Dr.

Orton correlates the rapid changes of the oysters he studied with the unusual temperature of British seas in 1921. Dr. Spärck has investigated several thousand oysters in the relatively cold water of the Limfjord off the coast of North Denmark, and has never found a female less than three years old, or a male breeding in the year in which it settled.

ARE THE DESERTS SPREADING?

A RECENT message from Cairo to the London *Times* stated that steps are being taken in examination of the water sources on which the life of Egypt depends. For a number of years the summer supply of water for irrigation has been insufficient; last year it was impossible to grow rice, and, we read, there is little prospect of anything better in 1923. The great barrage at Assuan, it is true, holds up a vast volume of flood water against the dry season. But it has been at most a mitigation of water shortage, and there are indications that the deserts are spreading steadily over this and other regions of the earth.

There is no evidence as to the rainfall in the tropics becoming less; over the high mountains and steaming plains of the equatorial belt the heavens still pour down sudden and violent torrents of rain, nightly the dews wet the ground, and the rainy seasons come and go at their appointed times. But about the tropics of Cancer in the northern hemisphere and of Capricorn in the southern, two great belts of desert encircle the globe. The northern belt includes the Sahara, the Sudan from the Bayuda steppe towards lower Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Baluchistan, Bikaner and the Gobi Desert. In the New World it is represented by New Mexico, Arizona and South California.

Whatsoever be the cause, there seems to be a secular expansion of the desert belt, at least in the northern hemisphere. The rocky gorges of the Nile

cataracts bear testimony to the passage of water on a much larger scale than any at present. The Sahara is scarred and seamed with old watercourses and the dry beds of lakes, and there is similar evidence in Arizona, New Mexico and Asia.

Col. H. de H. Haig, in *Discovery*, reminds us that the deserts were the centers of past empires. The great nations of antiquity—Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Phœnicia, the Hittites, Egypt and Carthage, the Aztecs and Incas—all flourished in lands now without sufficient rainfall, but which, with abundant water supply, would easily produce two crops annually.

The old caravan road from Tripoli to Lake Chad now passes through a waterless desert, but all along its length shows the remains of Roman stone buildings, wells, walls and paved roads. In Roman days North Africa was a vast granary, with numerous and wealthy cities, and an old Arab saying relates that it was once possible to walk from Mecca to Morocco in the shade. Mesopotamia was once the most fertile region on earth, and its possession gave power and wealth to many great kings. Persia, now largely in the desert region, achieved wealth and civilization thousands of years ago, and was a conquering power at the dawn of Greek history. Sven Hedin and Sir Aurel Stein have reported the presence of extensive ruins, temples, shrines and mummies in the Gobi deserts of Central Asia, in regions that are now waterless. It seems a fair inference that the homes of

old civilizations, so many and so great, could not then have been in their present desert condition.

Colonel Haig advances the theory that the world is actually drying up, more and larger quantities of water being locked up in the depths of the earth as vegetation has turned into minerals or by direct chemical combination. It is not possible to sink a deep shaft for a mine without encountering water, and he doubts if the bulk of such buried water is ever brought into active circulation again. This conclusion, how-

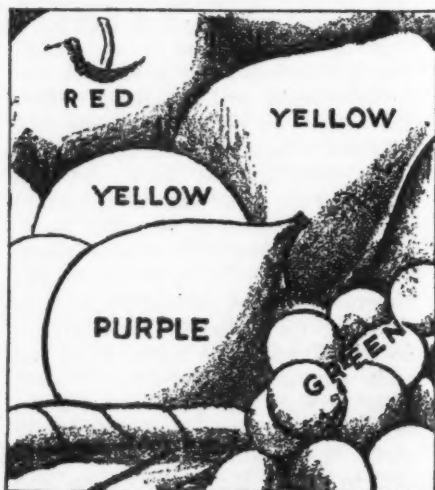
ever, is not inevitable. Even the deepest mine or boring penetrates only a small part of the total depth of the sedimentary rocks. The slow changes which elevate or depress the edges of continents, raise mountain chains, and sink rift valleys, probably strike far deeper than the subterranean stores of water. The surface of the wide oceans gives an almost limitless field for evaporation. It is more probable that the present phase of growth of the northern desert band is only the slow swing of a long-period pendulum.

PICTURES IN COLOR CAN BE SENT BY RADIO

SENDING oil paintings and colored photographs by radio is one of the latest achievements of science. In the *Radio Globe* we read that Le Roy J. Leishman, twenty-six years old, of Ogden, Utah, and New York, who at the age of fifteen invented the arca-scope, a device now being used by thousands of architects, draughtsmen and others for mathematical and trigonometrical work, and whose system of telephotography by which photographs for some time have been sent by wire and wireless is generally known, is the inventor of the new apparatus, which is now sending paintings and photographs in their natural colors across continents and over the oceans by wireless. A practical public demonstration of the system and device was given by him the other day before the Advertising Club of Los Angeles, in reporting which Charles Burney Ward, in the *Radio Globe*, says that the process of broadcasting pictures in color is an adaptation of the already known system of telephotography with which Leishman has been notably successful in transmitting half-tone pictures by cable, telegraph and wireless for newspaper use.

For transmitting the black and white half-tone the picture is prepared precisely as for a half-tone newspaper cut,

except that the final stage, that of etching, is omitted. To get the variation of light and shade in printed half-tones the picture is photographed through a screen, which breaks it up into fine dots. These dots vary in size according to the light and shade of the original. In the ordinary photo-engraving process by which cuts are made a picture



THIS PICTURE IN FOUR COLORS WAS SENT BY RADIO

Le Roy J. Leishman, 26 years old, has invented an apparatus for transmitting oil paintings and colored photographs by wireless for reproduction in their natural colors

thus photographed is prepared in enamel over a metal plate. It is then placed in an acid, which eats the metal where it is bare, leaving the dots that are protected by the enamel protruding in relief to take the printing ink.

The enamel has insulated these protruding dots against the action of the acid. Leishman discovered that this same insulating enamel would also prevent the flow of an electric current, and a photograph, therefore, would be ready for transmission when it was taken through this process up to the stage for final etching, when it could be placed on his transmitting machine.

The Leishman transmitting machine somewhat resembles a dictaphone or an old-style phonograph. It has a cylinder over which the photograph is rolled. As the cylinder revolves, a needle or stylus slowly passes along the dots of the picture. The electric current passes from the cylinder to the needle and out into the circuit. As the insulated dots pass under the stylus, of

course, the current is broken. All the dots and lines of the half-tone finally pass under the stylus. They travel at the rate of 250 per second, each dot breaking the current for a period of time proportionate to its size.

In adapting this system to the transmission of pictures in natural colors Leishman made use of the principles applied in color printing. All colors, hues and tints being made from the primary colors—red, yellow and blue—the inventor foresaw where he might triple his process and transmit colored pictures. He saw that to transmit a picture in colors, color filters could separate the three primaries in the original, as in color printing, and plates made for each of the three. These primary colors could then be broadcasted separately, and when, as in color printing, they were superimposed and automatically blended under color carbons at the receiving end the original tints and hues would reappear in the reproduction.

A BUG WHOSE STING HAS A "KICK" IN IT

THE world is full of bugs. Taken by and large they usually provoke little enthusiasm, but a bug is said to flourish in one of the Philippine Islands that might be welcomed in some arid sections of the United States. Its habitat is the island of Mindaro and the native name of the insect is "a-nik." The effect of its sting is said to be distinctly inebriating, causing complete but temporary paralysis of the sensory nerves within thirty minutes. Motor nerves are not affected, and the alcoholic stagger is conspicuous by its absence even in extreme cases of inebriation. Nor is there any pronounced effect upon heart or lungs.

Nevertheless, we read, in the *Japan Advertiser*, the anaesthesia produced is quite complete, in fact so much so that

it has been suggested that the insect might be used in connection with minor operations. But at the same time there is a marked mental exhilaration, comparable, it is stated, to the effect produced by certain drugs of the cocaine group.

Persons emerging from under the influence of the poison, or whatever it may be, are said to be able to perform extraordinary feats of memory.

Natives who have been stung by the insect claim that the experience is distinctly pleasurable as soon as the effects are apparent.

The a-nik is found in dead leaves around the roots of trees, and is slightly smaller than the average potato bug. As yet, we are told, the Philippine government has done nothing to exploit this discovery.



A PROSPECTUS for a new poetry magazine arrived the other day, and stated that the recently stimulated interest in poetry "has hardly been general, for the revival, it is now evident, was chiefly among the poets and *literati*. As a result, a large number of lovers and patrons of the other arts who should have been reached (and who, it was supposed, had been reached) still remain untouched by the movement."

Perhaps, as the poetry editor of *The Outlook* observes, modern poets themselves are to be blamed somewhat for the lack of general interest in their work. Too many of them have been writing for writers, oblivious of the fact that the greatest of literature is that which has in it large elements of popular as well as technical appeal.

Of course, we are reminded, those poets who in our own day have reached the largest audience are not necessarily those who are doing the most enduring work. If popular appeal is made the sole test, then Robert W. Service would loom up out of all proportion to his true worth. To ask poets to write for readers rather than writers is not to ask for any lowering of poetic standards. It is to ask them to search for those elements of beauty which are universal, to interpret the general through the particular rather than to treat the particular as an end in itself. The failure of many modern poets to see life clearly and as a whole is perhaps both a cause and a result of the limitation of the present audience for poetry.

The *Outlook* has a jaundiced eye for all-poetry magazines. CURRENT OPINION also is a Doubting Thomas, for the reason that not enough poetry is written

in a year to fill the pages of one all-poetry magazine. At the same time astonishing verses of power, promise and persuasion persist in finding their way into the pages of such publications. As current instances, in *The Fugitive* (Nashville, Tenn.) we find the first two poems that follow, and in *Contemporary Verse* (Philadelphia) appear the third and fourth poems:

PRESENCE

BY DAVID MORTON

ONE had been ill and in his time of illness,
One who was gone now many, many days,
Was with him in a dim and ghostly stillness,
Was with him in her beautiful, grave ways.
They brought him water . . . cool, sweet cups of healing . . .
And that was she in comfort and disguise,
And so, through all their mercies there was stealing
A tenderer mercy, watchful-eyed and wise.
They could not know, who had no way of knowing,
That one behind the darkness and the light,
Bided always their coming and their going,
And kept with them the watches of the night. . . .
That dear, cool hands grown piteous and dim,
Guided their hands and blest and tended him.

SAFE SECRETS

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

I WILL carry terrible things to the grave with me:
So much must never be told.

My eyes will be ready for sleep and my
heart for dust
With all the secrets they hold.
The piteous things alive in my memory
Will be safe in that soundless dwelling:
In the clean loam, in the dark where the
dumb roots rust
I can sleep without fear of telling.

COME, I HAVE DONE WITH THOUGHT

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS

COME, I have done with thought, I am
distressed
With puzzling out the meaning of your
eyes
And words. I think the aching in my
breast
Is punishment for trying to be wise.
I am no sage, with whiskers down to here!
I am a girl. My scarf is red and blue.
I wear my hat a-tilt above one ear,
My sudden silver laughter teases you.

Down on the sloping field the snow is
crusted
Where we can run and slide a little way.
The bushes on the hill are silver-dusted.
They'll shake upon our heads a shining
spray
As we break through, and the sweet spar-
kling wind
Will blow our wisdom half a mile behind.

CRUCIFIXION

BY EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

YOU drove the nails in his white, white
feet;
I pierced each tender hand;
And we laughed as we lifted the cross on
high,—
Too wise to understand.

You gave him the gall and vinegar;
I thrust the lance in his side;
Yet they say it was years and years ago
That the Savior was crucified.

Hopefully examining such current
books of verse as "Mihrima, and Other
Poems" (Century Company), by Cale
Young Rice; "The Thinker, and Other
Poems" (James T. White & Company),
by Stanton A. Coblenz; "Eight More
Harvard Poets" (Brentano's), edited
by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silli-

man Hillyer; "Fauns at Prayer" (Bren-
tano's), by Leolyn Louise Everett; and
"The Waste Land" (Boni & Liveright),
with which T. S. Eliot won *The Dial's*
latest \$2,000 prize award, "given annu-
ally to a young American writer in
recognition of his service to letters,"
we do not find a single poem of magic
and inevitability. In them is displayed
admirable technique, much verbal
adroitness, an impeccable desire to
achieve poetry, but there is little evi-
dence of distinction, little display of
passion and power such as to justify
their publication as poetry.

In Elizabeth Madox Roberts who, we
understand, recently graduated from
the University of Chicago and who won
the Fisk Poetry Prize in 1921, James
Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field have
a successor and rival as a poet of child
life. It is, however, in the tradition of
Robert Louis Stevenson, rather than of
either Riley or Field, that her work
more properly belongs. Her first book,
"Under the Tree" (Huebsch), contains
by careful count, in our opinion, twenty-
one bits of memorable verse in a list
of fifty-four. This is astonishing. There
is nothing great about them, perhaps,
but they betray a charming personality
and a conjuring imagination. For in-
stance:

THE BUTTERBEAN TENT

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

ALL through the garden I went and
went,
And I walked in under the butterbean
tent.

The poles leaned up like a good tepee
And made a nice little house for me.

I had a hard brown clod for a seat,
And all outside was a cool green street.

A little green worm and a butterfly
And a cricket-like thing that could hop
went by.

Hidden away there were flocks and flocks
Of bugs that could go like little clocks.

Such a good day it was when I spent
A long, long while in the butterbean tent.

THE SKY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

I SAW a shadow on the ground
And heard a bluejay going by;
A shadow went across the ground,
And I looked up and saw the sky.

It hung up on the poplar tree,
But while I looked it did not stay;
It gave a tiny sort of jerk
And moved a little bit away.

And farther on and farther on
It moved and never seemed to stop.
I think it must be tied with chains
And something pulls it from the top.

It never has come down again,
And every time I look to see,
The sky is always slipping back
And getting far away from me.

THE WOODPECKER

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE woodpecker pecked out a little
round hole
And made him a house in the telephone
pole.

One day when I watched he poked out his
head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the
sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing
by,

And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

THE PILASTER

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE church has pieces jutting out
Where corners of the walls begin.
I have one for my little house,
And I can feel myself go in.

I feel myself go in the bricks,
And I can see myself in there.
I'm always waiting all alone,
I'm sitting on a little chair.

And I am sitting very still,
And I am waiting on and on
For something that is never there,
For something that is gone.

In the *Smart Set* we come upon the
following poignant poem by a master-
mistress of lyricism:

WAGES

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

"PAY me my wages, Grief;
Pay, and be done with me."
"I gave you ears to hear;
I gave you eyes to see.

More music has the wind
Than you can ever hold;
A dogwood flower is white,
Laburnum stormy gold."

"Pay me my broken house,
My twelvemonth bare of him."
"With melting memories
I packed them to the brim.

You need but crook your hand,
And he is at your side,
More loving and more loved
Than if he had not died!"

Now and then *Poetry* (Chicago)
comes down out of the clouds and in
good old Moses fashion publishes a
poetic commandment, or rather ques-
tionnaire, such as the following:

WHO'LL RIDE WITH ME?

BY WADE OLIVER

WHO'LL ride with me in the gypsy
weather
(Youth held lightly is youth held fast!)—
Light and light as a white owl's feather,
Till we win to the world's last edge at
last?

Who'll ride with me to the ultimate faring
(Dream won sorely is dream held long!),
Till the winds are knives in the teeth of
our daring
And the last lone star is a thin-spun song?

For what is youth but a coin to squander
(Youth spent lightly is age deferred!),
And what is dream but a voice out yonder,
And what is life but a flying bird?

Mahlon Leonard Fisher, who has
written one of the supreme sonnets of
the language, recommends to us the fol-
lowing lyric, from *The Midland*, the
author of which is an invalid neighbor
of his at Williamsport in Pennsylvania:

SUMMER NIGHTWINDS

BY LAURA LANDIS LAEDLEIN

IN the infinite the winds are born,
Where the night is lost, and day not
known,
And they gather their godlike magic
there,
And their wild, other-world tone.

From out of the depths of unlive space
They are drawn and folded and flung un-
furled,
And only their warm and quivering tip
Touches the distant world,—

The earth is dim in its dreaming sleep,
The stars are faint and the still moon
white,

But the wild live winds of secret space
Sing aloud in the night.

Appropriate to the season is the en-
suing early spring song which makes
an odd appearance in *The Nation*:

ASSAULT

BY LEONORA SPEYER

SPEARS in the rain and swords in the
wind,
Sudden surrounding of stealthy green,
Bud in ambush before, behind,
Crying: "Surrender, you, O you!"

March unhurried of foe serene,
Battering-ram of white and blue,
Petaled trumpets that flash and call,
Conquering lilac on my wall . . .

Robin in arms, and apple-bough
Bannered with blossoms, take me now!
Bind me with breezes and bid me yield,
Prison me deep in a drowsy field!

Olive Tilford Dargan is a quiet singer
who has the art of making thunder out
of the stellar silences. Listen to the
following from the *Bookman*:

TO A LADY SITTING IN STARLIGHT

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THOSE stars that drown their light in
two dark lakes
Of parted hair, and make your pale brow
paler,—
Those stars far from a world that each
day wakes

To madder strife with wilder winds that
veil her,—

In unimagined distance poised and clear,
Deaf to the bed-cry and the prison call,
Enviied of drudge and footsore harves-
ter,—

They are the fiercest toilers of us all.

And you who make men dream of roads
that end,—

Of cool, green grass beside a shaded
door,—

Of wondrous silence tender as a friend,
And still delights that sweeten the heart's
core,—

You toil behind your smile like seas that
crave

To beat a world to sand-with every wave.

Whether the California author of the
following poem, from the *Literary
Review* of the *New York Evening Post*,
has other than a literary acquaintance
with mountain lions, we do not know.
Probably he knows them no better than
William Blake knew tigers, that is, in
imagination. But the verses speak for
themselves:

PUMAS

BY GEORGE STERLING

HUSHED, cruel, amber-eyed,
Before the time of the danger of the
day,

Or at dusk on the boulder-broken moun-
tainside,

The great cats seek their prey.

Soft-padded, heavy-limbed,
With agate talons chiselled for love or
hate,

In desolate places wooded or granite-
rimmed,

The great cat seeks his mate.

Rippling, as water swerved,
To tangled coverts overshadowed and
deep

Or secret caves where the canyon's wall
is curved,

The great cats go for sleep.

Seeking the mate or prey,
Out of the darkness glow the insatiate
eyes.

Man, who is made more terrible far than
they,

Dreams he is otherwise!

A PLANT THAT PRINTS AND BINDS 100,000 BOOKS A DAY

WHAT is declared to be the biggest book-publishing plant in the world, with a daily capacity of 100,000 volumes and a minimum annual output of 3,500,000 volumes, has been established and recently began operating under the name of the Kingsport Press, at Kingsport, Tennessee, near the North Carolina border. Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "Treasure Island," has the distinction of being the first in a series of twenty classics to bear the imprint of the gigantic new printery. It is a neat little volume for the side pocket, a fraction more than four inches wide, a little more than six and a half inches long, and it is bound not in paper, but in cloth; not in an imitation, but in real cloth; it is printed on book paper, not paper with a wood fiber; it is printed from new plates, in type agreeable to the eye. Its binding is red and gold, and by using special machinery the book is made to sell to the public at ten cents, and only is printed in million lots, says the *New York Times*.

But who would order so many books? The Woolworth Company, with its chain of a thousand stores, seems to be the only concern capable of ordering and absorbing at a single stroke and distributing throughout the country so stupendous an output. A deal has been made with these chain stores to distribute the product and before long every small boy may travel with Stevenson to a fabulous island and traffic with pirates all for a round-trip street-car fare.

Sixty thousand of these books are being produced daily by the Kingsport Press proper, in addition to 40,000 by the ordinary processes. Probably no other single plant in this country can turn out more than a third of the total.

Entering into the 3,500,000-volume production of the plant annually, we read that one-fourth of the pulp to be used will be made from a by-product of

the tannin factory—chips from which the tannin has been extracted. Identical trucks will be used throughout the entire vast plant, and in many of the processes the material will not be handled by men, but will be lifted by machinery from the truck, put through a process and delivered to another truck. An early trial "run" called for 50,000 New Testaments, but the usual order will be for 500,000 books; and since orders for such quantities can be obtained only for dictionaries, primers, grammar-school text-books and certain classics, the plant will be restricted to work of that character. Whether the short runs of current fiction can be undertaken is a question.

The size of the printing plant may be gauged from the fact that its concrete foundations are a mile and a half around. The building covers three and a half acres, and is so large that no photograph conveying an adequate notion of its size has yet been taken. Building and equipment cost \$3,000,000.

The president of the new enterprise is L. M. Adams, of the J. J. Little & Ives Company, bookmakers of New York, who first was impressed by the fact that everything needed to manufacture a book was handy to Kingsport—gray goods from the South for bindings; coal, forests, transportation, etc.

In addition to the printing plant there are various associate enterprises separately owned but linked in economic co-operation. The brick and cement companies, for example, supply themselves and the others with building materials. A dye factory supplies dye to the hosiery mill and bleaching powder to the pulp mill. The tannery supplies wood chips to the pulp mill, and the cement plant furnishes lime for the dye works, the tannery, the pulp mill and the industrial alcohol plant. The tannery supplies the saddlery and harness factory with leather.

A "MYSTERY TRAIN" STARTLES THE RAILROAD WORLD

OUT of Russia has come what is described as the very last word in railroading—an electric train that runs without trolley or accumulator, without any electric current, and whose naphtha-burning engine consumes a fraction of the fuel required by an ordinary locomotive. Among its other remarkable features, writes Stephen Lauzanne, the Paris editor, in the *New York Tribune*, is the ability to make a 400-mile trip without stopping for water, since water is not required, or any fuel supplies other than seventy pounds of naphtha which not only provides the pulling power but supplies light and heat for the whole train.

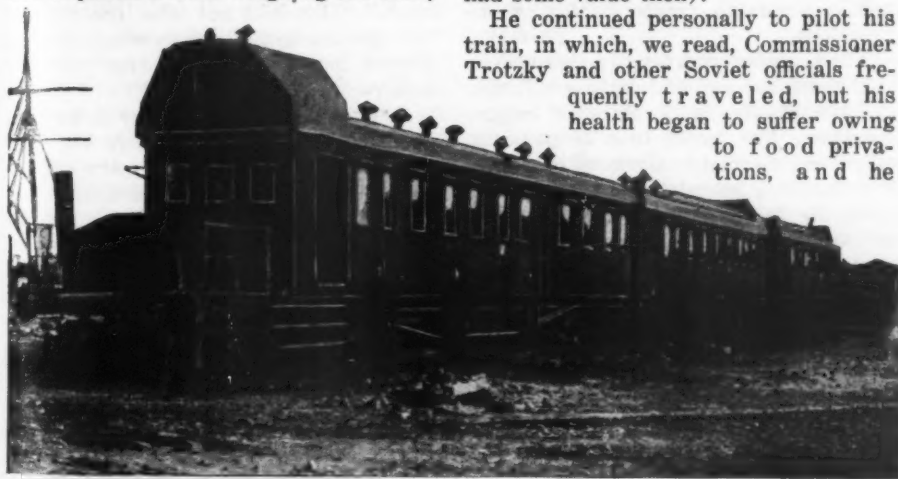
M. Makhonine, the inventor, is the husband of the celebrated Russian opera singer, Natalia Ermolenko. We are told that in 1918 he had worked out the plan of this extraordinary train when the revolution occurred. Despite many obstacles an initial engine and coaches were built and placed in operation between Petrograd and Moscow. The line traversed by an express up to that time had required a train weighing 500 tons;

the engine of which weighed 137 tons and had to be supplied with fuel four times during the journey; it consumed 16 tons of coal. The special train which M. Makhonine established in Russia weighed only 120 tons in all, less than the engine of the old train, and for the same distance of 650 kilometers used not more than seventy pounds of naphtha, one-thirteenth the consumption of an ordinary train.

The Commission on Invention met on March 21, 1921, at Petrograd, and spent an entire sitting deliberating on the Makhonine train.

There were present the most eminent engineers and professors of the Socialist Federated Republic of the Soviets of Russia. After having examined the train they further agreed that it could run without stopping as long as the axles of the cars attached to the electro-locomotive could bear it. At this meeting the members of the Commission of Inventions decided, by way of encouragement, to grant to M. Makhonine a sum of 30,000,000 rubles (the ruble still had some value then).

He continued personally to pilot his train, in which, we read, Commissioner Trotzky and other Soviet officials frequently traveled, but his health began to suffer owing to food privations, and he



Courtesy N. Y. Tribune

A TRAIN THAT CUTS THE COST OF TRANSPORTATION TO A MINIMUM
It weighs less than an ordinary locomotive and consumes one-thirteenth the amount of fuel required by an ordinary train.

sought and obtained permission to leave the country in December, 1921. He took not only his wife, but the secret of his invention with him, and the original train is said to be rusting in a corner of the Nicolaievsk Station at Petrograd.

M. Makhonine is now in Paris. And the secret which he would not give up to Russia he is offering to the French government for the French railroads. He declares that his engine could run,

without once stopping, from Paris to Nice, and at a speed of 100 miles an hour. France is promised a new era in transportation.

"My engine," he is quoted as saying, "produces its electric energy itself, thanks to the use of naphtha in a special apparatus placed on the engine. Naphtha is the only thing which my trains need to supply motive power; they use neither water nor coal nor electric current, and are smokeless."

ONLY \$1 IN CASH TO EVERY \$1,000 IN CHECKS USED IN BUSINESS

WHY is it, asks Paul G. Lewis, in the *Dearborn Independent*, that in a land of plenty, and a general willingness to keep it so, we are so often afflicted with acute panics and depressions, while the greater part of the time we are never entirely free from some sort of chronic unemployment among the masses? Too much raw material or too many manufactured commodities have never created a single panic or depression; neither has a lack of sufficient raw material or manufactured commodities had economic power to create panics or depressions.

The trouble, according to this writer, is that we live and do business willingly or unwillingly in a state of money bondage. For "more than 80 per cent. of the commercial business of our country, including speculations, is transacted upon the foundation of I. O. U. paper for which the banks of discount give credit (less interest); and against this credit checks are drawn. It ought not to be difficult, therefore, to understand and fully realize the enormous power owned and exercised by men engaged in the business of banking, for these have permitted the entire structure of our nation to be placed over 80 per cent. in debt bondage."

Checks of individuals are used to such an enormous extent, in fact, that their importance in the machinery of

business is most amazing to the uninitiated who suppose that business is done with money. The extent to which checks are used in place of money is indicated in a recent report of the Controller of the Currency which states that "for the satisfaction of every \$1,000 worth of economic exchanges for which personal checks were given through the New York Clearing House in one year, there was just the small sum of \$1.78 in all of the 34 New York Reporting Banks. Business to the extent of \$1,000 was done with \$1.78 cash." This does not take into account the vast amount of checks which neither passed into nor through that clearing house.

It is argued that, whether or not authorized by the Constitution, the fact remains that "one of the very important functions of the government has been and is daily being exercised by banks which are thereby able to wield a most tremendous power for good or ill at their discretion. The fact that depositors of checking accounts are able to issue their own medium of exchange is of little economic value to themselves outside of their (checks') convenience, as compared with the O. K. of a bank which imparts to such checks, a quasi legal-tender value. It puts the money power of a check into the hands of bankers. Yet that is by no means all the power which banks employ. The

most important power exercised by a bank is the one which furnishes the necessary credit which those customers receive whose deposit is derived via discount, and at the same time yields the enviable profits of the stockholders of the bank."

The banks in extending the privilege of discount to their customers, thereby enlarge also the field against which checks may be drawn.

Figuratively speaking, such banks are each operating a sort of a mint where the I. O. U. of customers is merely exchanged for the I. O. U. of the banks, and a credit is coined in favor of each borrowing customer. In plain language, the banks of discount are declared to have a "corner" on credit, giving or withholding it from the business world, and "this presents a state of affairs

which is a thousand times more dangerous than any corner on staple commodities."

The writer in the *Dearborn Independent*, a Henry Ford periodical, reminds us, in conclusion, that a nation can survive a corner on wheat by living temporarily on other cereals; or survive a corner on beef or pork by eating eggs or fish, and so on; but when the power of the medium of exchange (checks) and credit become vested in private individuals operating banks, these possess a monopoly or "corner" not only on the gold and silver and credit, but a corner on the whole life of every man in the nation, because it is only by means of an unrestricted flow of the medium of exchange that a nation willing to work can live. The argument is incontrovertible.

THE COAL SITUATION

THE present armistice between the coal operators and miners ends the first of April. It is practically certain that the report of the United States Coal Commission will not be completed before the middle of next summer. In the meantime there is every indication that the first of April will see coal prices holding at present high levels and, as the *Saturday Evening Post* observes editorially, this will increase the probability of the union operators agreeing to continue the present abnormal wage scale until the report of the commission is made public.

We are assured that for the reason that a majority of the coal-mine owners would rather have smaller continuous profits than pile up a big surplus one year and then face a deficit the next, they are lending all possible aid to the commission that has undertaken to solve the fuel problem.

The outlook for cooperation on the part of the miners is more clouded. Their victory in the strike last summer was complete; in fact, it exceeded their expectations. In all recent conferences the miners have shown a determination

to take full advantage of their success and to add to rather than surrender any of the ground gained.

Experience indicates that the miners are little influenced by public opinion. It would be foolish, in the opinion of the *Post*, to assume that any public consideration would deter them from striking.

Touching the situation on a vital spot, the *Coal Age* assures us that there would now be plenty of coal available in every part of the United States, notwithstanding the long strike of last summer, if it were not for a lack of cars and locomotives. The output of bituminous coal during the last three months should have been at the rate of 15,000,000 tons a week or more, instead of the 11,000,000 tons that have been produced. Because of transportation disability Illinois mines have produced at only about 60 per cent. of normal; Ohio, 50 per cent.; Pennsylvania, from 45 to 80 per cent.; West Virginia, from 25 to 65 per cent., while in some parts of Kentucky the mines have been worked only 25 per cent. of the available time.



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A VIGILANT WATCHER AFTER THE MINERS' INTERESTS

Having led them to one victory, John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, is not disposed to give any ground.

What the shortage of cars is actually doing to hamper coal production may be clearly understood by examining the statement of time worked and lost by one large bituminous-coal corporation in Pennsylvania. This company operates thirty mines. Assuming twenty-five days of eight hours each, the available working time for all the company's operations in a month amounted to 6,000 hours. Instead of working 6,000 hours these thirty collieries operated only 2,580 hours, or only 43 per cent. of the possible time. Of the time lost, 83 per cent. was due to car shortage. This actual case of one big company is typical of the nation's entire bituminous-coal industry.

A demand is made upon the commission to show us how to secure transportation efficiency and prevent strikes in the coal industry if we are to have a permanent cure instead of dealing with mere palliatives. Car shortages and strikes are declared to be the causes of instability and overdevelopment in the coal industry, and not the effects. Order

and economy will be substituted for chaos and waste in the mining and distribution of coal when reason is substituted for force in settling labor troubles and when railroad equipment is adequate. Practically everyone accepts the belief that nothing shall be permitted to interfere with the handling and distribution of mail, and this raises the thought as to which is the more important, coal or mail. The commission asserts that "there can be no permanent peace in the coal industry until conditions of overdevelopment in the mines and of a surplus of miners are removed."

What the average man, with a furnace, or a coal stove, has utterly failed to recognize is that his home supply of coal is a very small portion of the coal problem, but that the larger part of the problem is just as much his own as is that of filling his personal bin at a reasonable cost—the invisible coal that he consumes. The cost of this invisible coal enters into practically everything that the average man, his wife, and his children, use. Our annual consumption of coal, says the *Scientific American*, is about six tons for every man, woman and child, and less than one and one-half tons of this are used for heating and cooking. We may quite overlook the large amount of coal that goes into each house over the electric wire, through the water pipes and in other ways. A study of a single household whose coal purchase was 14 tons of anthracite during the year shows an almost equal consumption of bituminous coal which was not seen by any member of the household, but for which that household had to pay just as truly as for the 14 tons of anthracite purchased and burned on the premises. It was burned, for the benefit of that household, at the power station for working electric current, at the ice factory, at the gas plant, and at the filtration plant from which the household got its water. In such invisible form it is estimated that more than 10,000 tons of coal come each day to our tables.



The Colyumists' Colyums

Uncle Henry Discusses Harding the Hard

"HOW do you like 'the new president?' asked Uncle Henry, draping himself across the news-stand counter after the usual purchase of fine cut.

"What new president?" demanded Barney in a startled tone.

"Why, Hard-Boiled Warren, the Eight-Day Egg! Don't tell me you haven't heard of the amazin' transformation that's taken place? Office-seekers wear nose guards an' shin protectors when they go to the White House nowadays, an' even then they come out bruised to the color of a California plum. Senators and congressmen no longer enter the executive offices in noisy, laughin' bunches, but throw dice to see who'll be the victim, an' when he staggers in, the rest stand outside an' hold a blanket under the window.

"From what I hear they have surgeons and trained nurses at every meetin' of the Cabinet. Harry Daugherty carried a whole window frame with him the last time, an' Secretary Fall is still collectin' accident insurance, although it's more'n a month since the President rebuked him for givin' away those Wyomin' oil

lands. Hughes an' Mellon are about the only ones that ever escape with less than a compound fracture. Charlie won't take off his whiskers, so Warren can't hit him, an' Andy, bein' a banker all his life, has developed a high quality of protective colorin'. Unless he bats an eye, you can't tell him from the wall paper."

"I'VE been seein' some of that bunk in the newspapers an' magazines," sneered the News-Stand Man. "You don't think for a minute that the President's *really* changed, do you?"

"Only photographically," said Uncle Henry. "Y'see, Barney, the first sittin's weren't exactly what you might call a success. After Warren handed Woodrow his hat, an' asked him to shut the door behind him, there was a general feelin' that the people were eager for a new art study. They were tired of iron jaws, steely eyes, an' rat-trap mouths, an' wanted something softer an' sweeter—spring an' love, moonlight an' honeysuckle, a kiss an' a waltz. When the pictures came out, with Warren all over smiles, oozin' humanness from every pore, surrounded by babies an' children an' dogs, an' both hands held out in the abandon of affection, everybody felt that Will Hays had caught

UNCLE HENRY, whose humorous comments on political and social affairs are a feature of "Collier's Weekly," is hailed as a first cousin to Mr. Dooley. "He yokes a vigorous Americanism," as Irvin Cobb puts it, "with a genial and penetrating humor. He slams at shams and he punctures bubbles. Even as you laugh with him you are impressed by a profound conviction that he goes down to the very sills of things." One of his earlier sketches entitled "The Harding Honey-moon," described our American habit of flattering a newly-elected president during the first months of his term. His later comments "On Harding the Hard," reprinted herewith, are an illustration of his saying: "We talk a lot about baseball, but when you come right down to it, president baitin' is the real national game."



"AFTER KILLIN' TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR SAYIN' 'NOW LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE,' THEY MANAGED TO GET WHAT THEY WANTED."

—Frank Godwin in *Collier's*.

a pose that would hit popular taste right between the eyes. No question about 'em goin' like hot cakes in the beginnin', but along back in November the demand dropped off to nothin'. So they made Warren sit again, puttin' stern corrugations in his forehead with grease paint, an' after killin' two photographers for sayin' 'Now look pleasant, please,' they managed to get what they wanted.

"**A**LREADY the new portrait is bein' put out with appropriate captions that call public attention to the sad changes that two years have worked. Only a 'still,' to be sure, but with all the passion an' pathos of a movie serial. The country boy comin' to the great city—love an' trust in his heart—thinkin' no guile an' fearin' no evil.

"Curdled music as the vile plot unfolds! They tell him Harry Daugherty is one of nature's noblemen, an' he takes their word for it an' appoints him attorney general. They make him believe that Newberry is a pure soul, whose only fault is that he doesn't know the value of money, an' you see the trustful Warren writin' that wonderful certificate of character that Truman now refuses to give up. Then there is the tariff bill that they pass without his knowledge, Fordney an' McCumber gettin' him to sign it by pretendin' that it is a membership ap-

plication for some new secret society. Oh, the dastards!

"With rare skill there is conveyed a sense of peaceful meadows, cluckin' hens, new-mown hay, an' milk on the boots. You get the idea of one who loved the farm an' dreamed fond dreams of doin' the farmer good. But lo, Lasker an' Weeks an' Mondell surround him with smooth assurances that all the farmers have moved to the cities an' are now interested in nothin' but ship subsidies. An' while your heart bleeds, you see innocence outraged, an' poor Warren induced to urge the ship subsidy as a measure of agricultural relief. Always an' everywhere betrayal an' deceit!

"**A**N' then the Change! He discovers that he is bein' duped, an' in the fire of a noble rage he boils harder an' harder until iron is soft compared to him. Where once his face had the soft contours of a Floatin' Island, it is now granite. Mark those deep furrows in his forehead! Every one is a lost faith. In those great eyes, that used to mirror sunshine only, there now looks forth a soul that life has wounded. Note the hard, aggressive jut to the lower jaw that once shrank like the early violet. In every line there is determination to put away false friends an' return to the people that he has always loved. Hard-Boiled Warren, the Eight-Day Egg!

A Work of Art, Sent on Approval: Return in 5 days if not satisfactory. Your deposit will be refunded in full. No money need be sent with Coupon.

IF only one like it had been made, this exquisite Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp would have cost rather more than three thousand dollars. The League can produce it for less than one-hundredth of that price, because its membership is so widespread, and because it can reach its members so quickly.

Compare Thoroughly, That is Why This Lamp is Loaned to You

After you have received this lamp, we ask that you visit the art importers, the jewelers, the large stores and the commercial electric showrooms. See if you can find any lamp that, at twice or five times this price, even approaches it in artistic perfection.

We do no "selling" in the ordinary commercial sense. This is all the "selling" that the League has ever needed for any of its productions. The lamp must sell *itself* to you, on your own judgment and comparison.

If it does not . . . send it back—any time within five days. We will return your deposit at once and in full, and you will be under no further obligation whatever.

If we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions we would do it—but we can not.

This Low Present Price is a Test

This lamp was designed to sell for \$36. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at \$19.85.

For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised. Your Approval Request should be mailed at once.

Decorative Arts League, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue

New York

A regularly incorporated and self-supporting organization, operating on a strictly business basis, to enable lovers of beautiful things to have the advantages of united purchasing.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, INC., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges.

If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full.

If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of \$19.85 and will send \$4 monthly from date for four months; the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

(The lamp cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A.)

Signed

Address

City

5 feet high.
Finished in
rich Statuary
Bronze

Total
Price
\$19.85

Loaned for your examination and comparison—the League's only method of selling.

Hand the carrier the postage and

\$3.85

Deposit (returnable)

...

Noted Artists Collaborated in Its Design

A painter, a sculptor and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of this lamp—Olga Popoff Muller, a pupil of Rodin; Andrew P. Popoff, student of the Beaux Arts, and John Muller, architect of many buildings noted for their distinction and beauty.

The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace, which at once distinguish it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of factory "designing departments."

...

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish, rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap cast in solid Modallium. Upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound. Outside decorations in three colors; top and bottom bands in deep red; design in dark green; background graded in brown.

Inside reflecting surface is delicate pink. Gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

Another pivot enables shade and bulb to be tilted to throw light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring is inside the shaft and arm.

Complete, ready for the bulb. Weight packed about 32 pounds.

Please enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

I am a
reader of
Current
Opinion.
March, '23

FINANCE & INVESTMENT

COLLECTIVELY, we, the people of the United States, possess great wealth; but, individually, very few of us are even well to do. Our vaults hold two-thirds of the world's mobile gold; yet several millions of us have difficulty in keeping abreast of our grocery and rent bills. While we are much more favorably situated than the British and French in respect to taxes and most living costs, and blessed beyond measurement in comparison with the paper-paid wage-earners of Central Europe, still only a small proportion of our more than 106,000,000 population is getting ahead financially.

A definition of what is meant by "getting ahead" for the purpose of this article should be here set forth. Financial progress for the individual is measured by his income from labor, what it does for him and what he buys with it in the way of property considered as wealth. If the worker does no more with his income than pay for necessary expenses and entertainment for himself and his family, he is not making real progress. He is only breaking even; the fixed charges of to-morrow must be met from the product of to-morrow's work; there is no increment from today's income with which to meet a part of to-morrow's outlays; there is nothing laid by.

On the other hand, if the worker regulates his expenses so that his income from labor provides a balance after living costs and other expenses are met, he is moving ahead. He may never be rich, but the proper use of his free revenue will, in time, put a pretty solid reserve of invested money behind him. He may never be rich, and yet the methodical accumulation of small sums, along fixed mathematical

lines, results in the piling up of a surprising amount of money and a really comfortable income. These observations are trite and smack of conventional thrift preachments; but they are a necessary introduction to some simple facts worth everyone's attention.

To hark back to the statement that relatively few persons in the United States are well to do, let us examine some income-tax records. The detailed results for 1920 afford an excellent medium for study, as that year was divided about equally into two parts—good business and high wages and salaries governing the first six months, and business reaction and retrenchment marking the second half. In 1921 deflation ruled, bringing a subnormal condition of employment, and the figures for 1922 are not yet available.

The Treasury's statement for 1920 shows that only 40,129 persons filed on net incomes of \$9,000 to \$10,000; no more than 74,511 admitted taxable amounts between \$7,000 and \$8,000, while \$5,000 to \$6,000 was set down in the tax blanks by 177,147 men and women—out of a population of 106,021,431. Taxable incomes between \$5,000 and \$6,000 totaled, therefore, only a small fraction of 1% of the population.

Income-tax returns do not, of course, present a complete picture of spendable incomes, for it is human to write off all that the conscience will permit. Still, the Treasury's report discloses the relative number of large and small incomes, and the fact that less than 178,000 persons in this country had \$5,000 to \$6,000 net income, and no more, to show the tax collector is somewhat surprising. These net incomes included,

(Continued on page 366)

Guaranty

Service



Your Collections and Complete Banking Service

AN Illinois manufacturer recently sent us a draft with documents attached, to be presented on the arrival of a carload of merchandise. The car was lost in transit, at a time when delay would have meant serious inconvenience and possible refusal of the shipment.

Through our Collection Department, we traced and located the car, expedited its movement, and notified the consignee of its arrival before he had been advised by the rail-

road. The manufacturer's account with us was credited with the proceeds of the draft on the day the car arrived.

This is but one illustration of our service in handling collections. It reaches all parts of the world, and covers clean and documentary drafts, notes, coupons, bonds, warrants, and all similar instruments. It is but one of many important features which go to make up *complete banking service*, as rendered by this Company.

Our booklet, "Specialized Service to Corporations," discusses our facilities from the viewpoint of their particular value to corporations and firms. It will be sent on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

MAIN OFFICE: 140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

First Safety-- Then a Liberal Income

You Get Both in Miller First Mortgage Bonds

How large an income is it possible to obtain without risking the money invested? That is a question which investors are always asking. Miller First Mortgage Bonds, some of which pay as much as 7%, are protected by these safeguards:

- First.* A closed first mortgage on a single piece of income-producing property.
- Second.* Serial maturities, whereby a definite part of the bond issue is paid off each year, while the mortgage security remains undiminished.
- Third.* Monthly payments by the borrower, secured by a first claim on net earnings of the property, each payment being one-twelfth of the total amount of principal and interest due in a current year. Thus, we always have funds on hand *in advance* to pay principal and interest of the bonds.
- Fourth.* Independent appraisals of the mortgaged property, furnished by outside real estate dealers, bankers, architects and builders. These appraisals, on which our own official valuations are based, assure the investor that the property is worth substantially more than the amount loaned.

On these simple but fundamental provisions, the unbroken safety record of Miller Bonds has been built. The combination of safety and liberal yield which they offer has solved the investment problem for people living in every State. The safeguards named above, and numerous others, are described in our booklet, "Selecting Your Investments." A copy will be sent postpaid on receipt of the attached coupon.

\$100 Bonds \$500 Bonds \$1,000 Bonds

Interest paid twice yearly

Yield: Up to 7%

Partial payment accounts invited

G. L. MILLER & CO.
INCORPORATED

2103 Carbide and Carbon Bldg., 30 E. 42nd St., New York
Philadelphia St. Louis Atlanta Memphis Knoxville

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, INC.,

2103 Carbide and Carbon Building,

30 East 42nd Street, New York.

Dear Sirs: Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "Selecting Your Investments," and copy of a recent circular describing a Miller First Mortgage Bond issue.

Name

Address

City and State.....

The Straus City

If we could group together, in one city, all the buildings financed by S. W. Straus & Co., all over the country during the last forty years, we would have the largest investment city in the world. If we could view this city from a thousand feet above the ground, we could still show but a fragment in a photograph.

In this imagined view of street upon street stretching to the far horizon, comparatively few of the buildings can be shown. Here are represented, however, hun-

dreds of millions in investment money. Here are millions of tons of steel. Here are millions of tons of building material of other kinds. Here are millions of dollars in wages paid to thousands upon thousands of American workmen.

All these units of construction have played a definite part in the upbuilding of American industry. All of them have brought to the average investor, whose money made them possible, the fairest and highest return in interest that is consistent with real safety.

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882

OFFICES IN FORTY CITIES

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO—Straus Building
CLARK AND MADISON STREETSNEW YORK—Straus Building
FIFTH AVE. AT 45TH STREET

41 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR.

© 1923-S. W. S. & C.



THIS drawing represents a composite city—made up from actual photographs of a few out of the thousands of buildings financed under the STRAUS PLAN. Among the prominent structures which will be recognized in this "Straus City" are the Fisk Building, Canadian Pacific Building, Pershing Square Building and Hotel Ambassador, New York; Drake Hotel and 999 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago; Dallas County State Bank Building, Dallas, Texas; The Statler, Buffalo, N. Y.; 1015 Chestnut Street Office Building, Philadelphia; Kaufmann Department Store, Pittsburgh; Stuyvesant Apartment Building, Buffalo; The Olmsted, Cleveland; Consolidated Syndicate Building, Los Angeles; and the Francesca Apartments, San Francisco.

The Byllesby Monthly News

OWNERS of the investment securities for which this organization is responsible are kept closely informed of earnings, developments and plans of the great industries back of their holdings.

Part of this service is rendered through a monthly publication called *The Byllesby Monthly News*.

This publication, we believe, has individual features commending it to the interest of investors who desire authentic information about sound electric, gas and industrial securities.

Current number sent free on request. Ask for Publication DO 141.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK BOSTON
111 Broadway 14 State St.

Assurance and 7%

Few investors have sufficient time to study investment opportunities thoroughly and to know that they are purchasing only those securities that have proved safe.

Many thousands of investors throughout the United States have purchased from us many millions of dollars of first mortgage bonds secured by improved city properties without the loss of a dollar.

You should be interested in the proved type of investment we offer for sale. Write today for full information.

Ask for Booklet C-15

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Capital and Surplus over \$3,000,000
127 No. Dearborn St. 345 Madison Ave.
CHICAGO NEW YORK
Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities.

(Continued from page 362)

beside salaries and profits, the receipts from invested money.

The average incomes of the \$5,000 to \$6,000 class (and upward to and including \$10,000) were derived from various sources in these proportions: wages and salaries, 41.43%; business or profession, 18.88%; partnership profits, 8.72%; profits from sales of real estate, stocks and bonds, 7.89%; rents and royalties, 5.09%; dividends, 10.65%; and interest and investment income, 7.43%. Presupposing that "interest and investment income" included in income-tax reports came chiefly from bonds and other funded securities, exclusive of municipal issues and of Liberty bond holdings within the areas of exemption, the small proportion of 7.43% to the full 100% of taxable incomes, suggests that a large market still remains to be developed by investment houses.

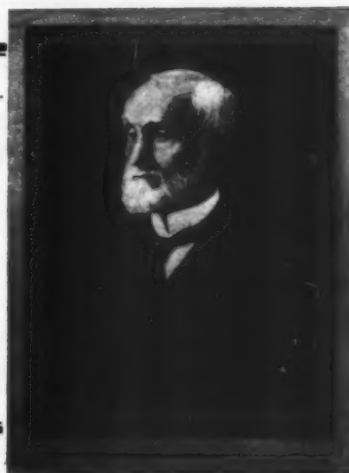
The chief significance of the percentage of income from interest in \$5,000 to \$6,000 taxable incomes lies, however, in the application it has to processes which make people "well to do." An even greater significance in this respect is attached to the fact that in 1920 only 8.68% of taxable incomes of \$10,000 to \$20,000 was derived from interest. Allowing for the urge to secure exemption for sizeable incomes through purchases of tax-free securities, these percentages are small. They give rise to the question: Do our incomes do as much for us as they should? In another way of putting it: Do our incomes rule us or are we rulers of our incomes?

Diogenes, in the shadow of the slave-auction block, said that his business was governing men and, therefore, he desired to be bought by a man in need of a master. The view-point of this ancient philosopher may be applied to present-day management of income earned or acquired from business profits.

The task of getting the most out of income is a scientific job, and yet the rules are of the simplest kind. They do not comprise anything more complicated than simple arithmetic. The rules are so elementary, in fact, that

(Continued on page 369)

Fifty Years Ago this Man Learned the "Secret" of *Successful Investing*



Francis H. Smith: 1829-1906
Founder of The F. H. Smith Company

IN 1848 Francis H. Smith, then a youth of 19, set out barefoot from a farm near Washington, Conn., his birthplace, to walk to Washington, D. C. Twenty-five years later, at the age of 44, he founded the investment business that became one of the most important factors in the financial life of the Nation's Capital.

During the years when Washington was changing from a straggling, overgrown village to one of the wonder cities of the world, F. H. Smith was in intimate association with the Government officials who were responsible for this transformation. He knew Alexander R. Shepherd, to whom President Grant had entrusted the management of the City of Washington; he knew Grant, Garfield, Blaine, McKinley and the other outstanding figures of that period.

F. H. Smith not only witnessed the transformation of the Nation's Capital, but helped to bring that transformation about. He became a pioneer in the real estate loan and investment business. He saw that Washington was a city of constantly increasing real estate values. He saw that this would give First Mortgage investors a constantly increasing margin of safety.

What F. H. Smith learned in those years of Washington's transformation was the secret of

investment success—a success which was shared by every man and woman and every financial institution that came to him for first mortgage investments, with the result that the house which he founded has today a record of half a century without loss to any investor.

FOUR SPECIAL FEATURES

1. Investors receive 6½% net and are relieved of the 2% normal Federal income tax and of any State tax up to \$5 per \$1,000.
2. Denominations: \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. Maturities from 2 to 15 years.
3. A liberal Investment Savings Plan under which all partial payments earn 6½%.
4. The unqualified recommendation of a house which has back of it a record of no loss to any investor in 50 years.

was 50 years ago, a city of constantly increasing real estate values.

The man or woman who invests in First Mortgages strongly secured by new buildings located where real estate values are constantly increasing has learned the secret of successful investment.

Let us send you a free copy of our Golden Anniversary booklet. It contains the illustrated story of F. H. Smith's remarkable career and of one of the most interesting periods in the Nation's Capital.

The F. H. Smith Company,
Washington, D. C.

Without any obligation on my part, you may send me your Golden Anniversary booklet, together with information about first mortgage investments in the Nation's Capital.

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Street Address.....

City.....

The F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 50 YEARS

Laurelton.

Monday Evening

Dear Peggy, I wish you and Jack
could go with us on our vacation.
You ask me how we are able to do it?
It's simple! We figure our good
times cost us nothing.

When we got married
Fred paid what money he had down
on account of some 7% 1st mort-
gage Real Estate Bonds, without
feeling it at all we soon paid for
them. Now we have an income
in addition to Fred's salary that
affords us a car and wonderful
trips.

This is what you and
Jack ought to begin doing right
away. These bonds pile up
so quickly with compound interest.

Caldwell
Bonds are
secured by
Real Estate
values greatly
in excess
of the
amount of the
Bonds issued.

The 7%
fixed income
is a rate at
which money
doubles itself
in ten years at
compound interest

—what Fred did, YOU can
do. Caldwell & Company will
send you full information free. Sim-
ply fill in the coupon and mail it promptly.

CALDWELL & COMPANY
800 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

Please send me full information regarding your
7% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds, without
obligation on my part.

NAME

ADDRESS

CALDWELL & COMPANY

Specialists in Southern Municipal and
First Mortgage Bonds

800 UNION STREET -  NASHVILLE, TENN.

New York Detroit New Orleans Knoxville Birmingham
Chicago St. Louis Cincinnati Chattanooga

Are Stocks a Buy?

You will never *guess* the answer to this question!

Day to day ripples in the stock market cannot be forecast in any way.

It is little short of ridiculous to try to play against the "insider" on the manipulated movements.

The broad swings—the rises of 50 to 100 points—however, are governed by the great basic Law of Action-Reaction. They can be forecast with remarkable accuracy and can be depended upon for a long profit.

Babson's REPORTS

Investors Service based on fundamental conditions forecasts coming conditions in both stock and bond markets. It tells you *when* to buy, *what* to buy and *when* to sell. Therefore, instead of buying one security "here and another there," you follow a definite set method for investing your funds. A degree of security, quite impossible to get in any other way, together with highly satisfactory profit, naturally follows.

Booklet on Request

If you are not among the thousands of investors who have found the answer to "maximum return—minimum risk" in The Babson Investors Service—tear out the MEMO—now—and hand it to your secretary when you dictate the morning's mail.

MEMO

For Your Secretary

Write Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me booklet C56 "*Getting the Most from Your Money*"—gratis.



(Continued from page 366)

they frequently are overlooked by persons who desire to progress financially, but become discouraged because they try to visualize gains through steps too big for them.

The rules are not only simple, but they can be followed by anyone who has a surplus above necessary expenses. If you will sit down of an evening and review a few examples which you had in your arithmetic class, you will wonder why there are not several millions instead of relatively few thousands in this country who consider themselves well to do. You may wonder why you have not gone further ahead yourself.

Turn to compound interest. You will probably note first of all that a dollar with interest compounded once a year at 4% will double itself in about seventeen and a half years; at 5% in approximately fourteen and a quarter years, and at 6% at eleven and a half years. Multiply these results by 100 and you see that \$100 at 6% compound interest will be \$200 in eleven and a half years, and then make the multiplier 1,000 and discover that the product looks like real money.

By compounding the interest semi-annually at the several rates, you will find that the doubling period is considerably shortened. The next stage in these calculations is to assume that, instead of a dollar or \$100, you are dealing with a definite part of your income which could be saved and invested in some way to permit the compounding of interest twice a year.

In this connection, how much should one save from his salary? It is a question which cannot be governed by precept nor solved in fixed terms. No budget ever yet was devised to fit all cases, for items of expenditure vary widely between families of the same size, supported by equal incomes. But the making of theoretical budgets will never cease, and the general principles involved in them can be made of much use to everyone who undertakes seriously to set definite limits on his outlays. The person who strives to forge

(Continued on page 370)



How the Successful Investors Make Money

DURING the past eleven years the Brookmire Economic Service has been successfully forecasting what would happen in the securities and manufacturing fields.

Thousands of business men, bankers, financiers, and men of affairs study carefully Brookmire forecasting methods as a preliminary for setting policies, making plans and investing large sums.

It doesn't matter whether you are a large investor or a small one, a merchant or a manufacturer—this book shows when the tide of business is in your favor—how long it is going to flow—and most important, when you should take advantage of it.

How are business statistics made and used? What are secular trends and seasonal variations? What is correlation? How are business barometers made and used? These are a few of the questions answered in this complete little book of 132 pages. It is simply written for the layman to quickly grasp, well arranged and illustrated with graphic charts, bound in limp fabrikoid and lettered in genuine gold. This book is a nugget of condensed useful information for \$2 postpaid.

FOR DEFINITE ACCURATE TIMELY FORECASTS ON MARKET TRENDS

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- ☐ Please send me my copy of "Business and Investment Forecasting." Enclosed please find \$2.
- ☐ Please send on approval copy of your book, "Business and Investment Forecasting."

NAME

ADDRESS

(Continued from page 369)

ahead financially will, in his personal budget, put the item of savings first. If sacrifices must be made, the cuts will occur somewhere lower in the column than the prescribed amount to be laid aside.

Let us suggest one more budget to add to the many schedules of expenditures extant. It will be based on the composite experience of several families, not constructed from government index figures or broad records of goods' prices. The budget will apply to a family of four whose income is the father's salary of \$5,000 a year. The head of the household is 33 years old and carries \$10,000 life insurance which costs him \$208 a year. His wife does her own housework, except the laundry and heavy cleaning, a woman being employed two days a week for these tasks. The children are attending public school. The family lives in a rented apartment with heat furnished by the landlord. These are the items:

	%	Amount
Savings	12	\$600
Rent	20	1,000
Food	22	1,100
Clothing	10	500
Recreation, books, etc....	6	300
Labor, gas, light, etc....	10	500
Insurance, income tax, etc.	5	250
Doctor, dentist.....	5	250
Carfare, lunches, etc....	7	350
Benevolences	3	150
Total	100	\$5,000

It is possible to find points to criticize in these figures. For instance, there is no provision for education for a family desiring a private school for the children, and no allowance is made for the maintenance of an automobile. Nor is there any reserve for emergencies, such as a period of illness. But the rent item could be made lower for a dweller outside of the big cities, and the food outlay is fairly liberal—calculated in New York prices.

The following calculations of compound interest results in savings' schedules, including the amount discussed in the \$5,000 income budget, may be worth some study. (Continued on page 372)



THIS FREE BOOK- *has shown thousands the way to Increased Incomes*

DO you know that you can make your money double itself in 10 years—without any risk whatever? That while many are satisfied with 3%, you can easily get 7% with safety? That you can invest your money to bring twice and more than twice its present income?—and that you can do this with absolute safety?

"Common Sense in Investing" tells the different types of investments; which kind is best and safest; how to be sure your money is fully protected; how to realize a 7% yield, and how easy it is to buy bonds. Here in clear, easily understood form, is the entire frame work of investment procedure; the fundamentals that every one should know, and the one and only sure way of being sure of the safety of your investment. The information it contains should be part of everyone's general knowledge of business.

This valuable booklet and "Forman Bonds; 100% Safe" are free to every investor or prospective investor. They contain the wisdom accumulated by us during 38 years of doing business without loss to a customer.

Mail This FREE Coupon

Tear out this coupon, fill it in carefully and mail before you turn this page. Even if you are not now an investor, these valuable books will give you information every man should have.

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38 Years Without Loss to a Customer.

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Without obligation, please send me the book or books checked below. No salesman is to call on me.

☐ How to Get 7%
With Safety

☐ "Common Sense
in Investing"

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City _____

State _____

How to Make Money in the Stock Market

Money is made in the stock market, not by gambling, but simply by grasping and following certain definite, fundamental and simple METHODS.

What are those basic methods? How can they be used profitably? This is outlined in our booklet entitled "How to Make Your Money Make More Money." A copy is available for you, FREE.

If you are sincerely interested in building up your capital safely and conservatively you should find the booklet invaluable.

Simply Ask for Booklet CP 3

American Institute of Finance
141 Milk St. Boston, Mass.

Investment & Finance

CURRENT OPINION's Investment and Finance Department will be glad to have any of the following financial booklets sent to its readers free of charge by the companies issuing them. Just check the booklets you want and write your name and address on the coupon below.

- ☐ Getting the Most from Your Money—Babson Statistical Organization.
- ☐ Scientific Investing—Brookline Economic Service.
- ☐ 1923 Investments—H. M. Byllesby & Co.
- ☐ Enduring Investments—Caldwell & Company.
- ☐ How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
- ☐ Investment Recommendations—Guaranty Company of New York.
- ☐ Trust Service to Corporations—Guaranty Trust Company of New York.
- ☐ Selecting Your Investments—G. L. Miller & Co.
- ☐ Forty-One Years Without Loss to Any Investor—E. W. Straus & Co.
- ☐ Golden Anniversary Booklet—The F. H. Smith Co.
- ☐ Our Successful Record—American Bond & Mortgage Co.
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INVESTMENT & FINANCE DEPT.

3-23

CURRENT OPINION
50 West 47th St., New York.

Please have sent, free of charge, the booklets checked above.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

(Continued from page 370)

The sum of \$25.50 invested every month at 6% compounded semi-annually will amount to nearly \$1,800 in five years; to \$5,000 in slightly more than eleven years and to approximately \$11,500 in twenty years. At 6% interest, the annual income on \$11,500 would be close to \$700, derived from the investment of only \$306 new money per year during the period of accumulation.

Again, take \$50 a month as the unit of investment. Exact calculations show that this sum—\$600 a year—will, with interest at 6% compounded semi-annually, pile up to \$3,499 in five years; to \$8,201 in ten years, and to \$23,014 in twenty years, the last-named principal sum yielding an annual income of \$1,380, or more than twice the total invested from savings in each year of the twenty. Multiply these figures by two, representing the investment of \$100 a month, and twenty years of effort will be seen to return an income of more than \$2,700 over and above what the conscientious investor earns as salary or profits.

Why are there no more well-to-do people in the United States than statistics show? The figures cited can be closely approximated by investments in bonds of fixed sums monthly, with the semi-annual coupons immediately re-invested when they mature. Some far-sighted persons have been doing it for years with much profit, and facilities among certain reputable bond houses are being increased year to year for partial-payment purchases of bonds they recommend. The theory which appeals to investment bankers is that, once bond buying is undertaken on a definite schedule, the habit becomes fixed and the market for their securities is widened.

When more of us are willing to make sacrifices in order to save, and measure our dollars in terms of reproductive force instead of spending power, there will be more \$5,000 to \$10,000 net incomes for the Treasury to tabulate. And there will be fewer disconsolate faces in the throng in front of the insolvent bucket shop or fly-by-night brokerage office.

Safe-Keeping Your Teeth by the Colgate Method

5 Good Rules for Good Teeth—Good Health

1 — "Wash,"
Don't Scour
Your Teeth (you
wouldn't scour
piano keys)



2 — After Each
meal



3 — Use a Safe
Dentifrice



4 — Rub the
Gums (Gingival
massage)



5 — See your
dentist twice a
year

"Wash" your teeth thoroughly. Don't scour them. Washing cleans safely. "Scouring" cleans harmfully. Scouring scratches the enamel, the enamel protects the teeth, and you can't grow new enamel! Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no harsh grit. It cleanses and polishes by washing without scouring.

"Wash" your teeth after each meal. When you eat, particles of food lodge between and around the teeth. Remove them promptly before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes cavities in the teeth. A clean tooth doesn't decay. "Wash" your teeth regularly, carefully, and thoroughly. Wash them just before going to bed.

Use a safe dental cream. Powerful drugs in a dentifrice injure the mouth and throat. Avoid any dentifrice so strong that it cannot be used safely several times a day. Select an established, tried-and-tested dentifrice with a reputation for merit. You can use Colgate's during a long life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of the teeth.

As advised by many dentists, after you use the tooth brush, finish the cleansing by rubbing both upper and lower gums with the tip of the forefinger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. That massage helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.

Some people try to doctor themselves, but even they don't attempt to be their own dentist. See your dentist regularly, twice a year at least.

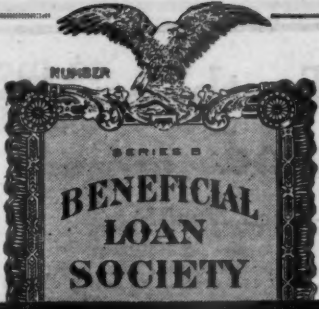
COLGATE'S Cleans Teeth the Right Way

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(Continued from page 314)

"I won't go there!" gasped Black Eric.
"Let us look—"

"You'll come with us!" Silent Sven commanded, grasping Black Eric by the shoulder and dragging him along. Silent and awed, the crowd proceeded through the tangle of weeds and young trees to the side of the hut between the two oaks. Some of the men began to poke around with their sticks, but Olga stopped them.

The old man motioned silently to a depression in the ground. "It is long ago," he whispered. "The grave—is sunken."

OLGA fell on her knees, sobbing convulsively. She reached out her hands and reverently brushed aside the leaves that lay upon the grave, then started up, a cry of terror on her lips.

Within the depression, where she had scraped the leaves away, a human skeleton lay bleaching; stained almost to the color of brown twigs. As they bent over they saw a skull, through the sockets of which rose the slender spires of a plant, covering it mercifully with clusters of purplish-blue flowers. A rusty iron cross lay beside it.

"That is—that is where she lay—when we came up," quavered the old man. "She lay there—"

The women began to sob unrestrainedly, Kaisa's voice wailing above the others. The men turned upon Black Eric, their sticks raised high, terror forgotten in a mighty wave of revenge that swept its fire over them.

"It isn't true!" he gasped, his teeth clicking together. "It isn't, I tell you! Haven't we seen her—all these years? Didn't we—see her—this—"

Before the look in their faces he slunk away. He stumbled past the hut, the thorny branches reaching out their hands, catching him, tearing his clothes. On down the path, his terrified flight impeded by the gnarled roots.

Behind him followed a human avalanche, great cries issuing from their throats, sticks raised, ready to strike. Silent Sven fought his way to the front, called them to silence. "Let him go!" His voice rang out. "Let him go! His fear will punish him, far, far more than we could punish him! It will follow him, as it has followed him all these years. But never again will it affect us, and she is at rest!"

Before him, in the gap left by the branches, lay the river, coiling and twisting in the sun, a waiting, hungry look upon its face.

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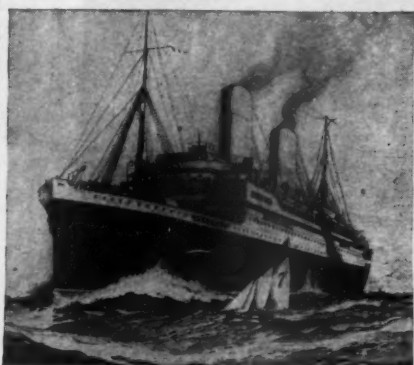
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CURRENT OPINION

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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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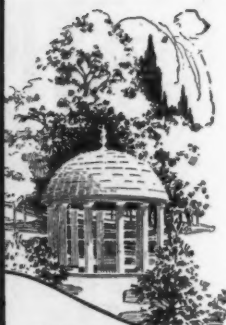
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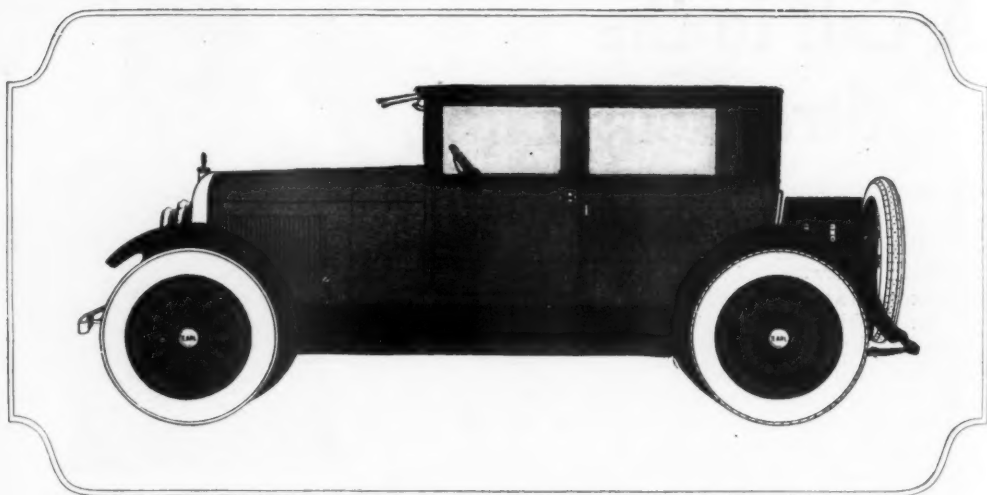
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